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430	30 9 11	248 6 4	457 13 3	1006 0 0	3 1000
435	36 5 7	306 9 6	744 19 6	1500 0 0	1 3000
492	10 15 9	197 16 2	259 15 11	610 7 10	1000
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. &c. Seeley & Burnside.*

A history of the life of Mr. Sadler, says his biographer, must be a mere record of his opinions and writings; and the attempting such a record presupposes that those opinions are matters of public interest, sufficient to fix attention on the authority from which they emanated. In this supposition we cannot accompany the author very far; so much indeed has Mr. Sadler disappeared from the field of actual debate, that we think it necessary to remind some of our readers that he was the once celebrated member for Newark, and opponent of Malthus.

The parliamentary career of Mr. Sadler was eminently contentious; and the ardour of his temperament, the greatness of the reputations he attacked, and the support he gave to a party, bestowed upon him, for a time, a place and a consideration, which he was not destined long to maintain. From this fact we are not inclined to deduce a rigorous inference, that he was merely what is vulgarly called a nine days' wonder; that his opinions were all fallacies; or that he has left no impression, for good or for evil, behind him, on popular opinion. Neither, on the other hand, can we admit that he was the victim purely of his exaggerated importance during a moment, or that the oblivion which is fast gathering round his name is not very mainly attributable to the unsoundness of his philosophy. It is enough for our present purpose, if we candidly avow that the work before us has engaged our notice, not so much on account of the opinions advanced, as for the phasis of humanity which is offered in the person and position of its hero.

The history of Mr. Sadler is soon told. The son of a country gentleman, and educated in the country, he seems to have been tolerably well grounded in classical literature and modern languages, as well as in mathematics; so that his boyish attainments were superior to those of the ordinary debutants in our public schools, for which, it appears, he had been destined. His schoolmaster, however, pleased with his talents and disposition, retained him near himself, and he thus lost that early acquaintance with the world, which probably was among the circumstances most wanting to his success as a politician. His subsequent reading was self-selected, and his mind being of "an imaginative and enthusiastic order," he addicted himself to poetry, versified the Psalms, and ultimately attached himself to the followers of Wesley. At twenty years of age he entered into trade at Leeds, but seems to have left the labouring oar to his partner; and "literature and poetry never lost their hold on his mind." He became a frequent contributor to a leading north-country journal of tory politics, and entered largely into the municipal administration of his town. When the agitation of the Catholic question was resumed, he was thus enabled to take a very decided part in opposition to the claims of that sect. Accordingly, when, upon the Duke of Wellington's and Mr. Peel's desire to pass a repeal act, Sir W. Clinton retired from the seat he had held for Newark, the Duke of Newcastle adopted Mr. Sadler for his successor; and backed "by the advice and the assistance" of that potentate, he defeated Serj. Wilde by a majority of 214. His connexion, as a linen-merchant, with Belfast, where he ultimately resided, explains the interest which Mr. Sadler afterwards took in Irish affairs; and is the only other incident necessary to record, as an antecedent in the estimate of his intellectual character.

It is sufficient to run over these particulars in Mr. Sadler's story, to see in them the causes of his opinions, of his course of public life, and of the questions he selected for discussion; nor is it too much perhaps to say, that in them lie also the causes of what (with all due respect to his biographer) we must call his failure. His poetic temperament and religious ardour tended powerfully to disturb a sober exercise of the logical faculty, and to submit the stringency of argument, in his mind, to the disturbing influence of passion and of enthusiasm. This natural defect seems to have been but imperfectly corrected by the practical business of life. Mr. Sadler was a merchant, not a manufacturer; and therefore never in his own person felt the difficulties which embarrassed production; either those arising out of great political questions, or such as had reference to the internal regulation of the factory. In the excitements, moreover, of municipal life, and the associations to which it led, we find a confirming cause of those party prejudices and uncharitable narrownesses, which, during his youth, had been part and parcel of country-gentleman life. It is among the worst consequences attendant on a monopoly of franchise, that it creates interests and engenders heats, depraving the conscience and souring the temper of all who come within the electioneering sphere; and it is curious to observe how, in the question of Catholic Emancipation, religious zeal became united with this corrupt spirit, in the pursuit of a common object. Such a combination, although, in the person of Mr. Sadler, it never thoroughly extinguished the strong instinct of humanity, so far influenced his thoughts and feelings, as to make him a sort of double man. Although, therefore, nothing can seem at first sight more inconsistent than such an alliance as he exhibited between strong sympathy for human suffering and a furious hostility against the political rights of the weak, a candid observer must feel bound, on reflection, to admit, that it was no more than natural; and that his opinions were honest and unaffected. We can thus only explain to ourselves why the man who pitied so intensely the sufferings of the factory children, and fought so vigorously for the cottage gardens of the agricultural labourer, could not trace the condition of the poor beyond the coarser and more obvious second causes; and we can understand how that person, whose heart bled for the starving Irish, was blinded to the mass of evil cloaked beneath the orange mantle of the Protestant lords of the soil.

There is, perhaps, in the very intensity of feeling, that stirred up all Mr. Sadler's blood in behalf of the oppressed factory child, a sufficing reason why he should turn his thoughts exclusively to a legislative abatement of that crying evil, without condescending to investigate its remoter causes; and the very purity and ardour of his devotional feelings, begetting a respect amounting to veneration for law and for authority, must have strengthened him in the erroneous supposition that an act of parliament is omnipotent. Thus, too, we explain the weakness which, while it accused the landed interest of stealing the common from the goose, and the garden from the cottage, believed in a legislative remedy to be obtained from the very parties it sought to correct. Why, however, do we urge this line of argument? not to justify Mr. Sadler, (for we really believe his character has ceased to occupy public attention,) but because he belonged to a numerous class; and it is of primary importance that class intellects should be better understood; and by being so, should be more easily merged in a national common-sense.

Through the whole of Mr. Sadler's efforts

at legislation, and the arguments he uses, there reigns one common defect—an inapprehensiveness of the force of consequence, or, in commoner speech, of where the shoe pinches; and this defect also seems closely connected with his ardent disposition. A cooler head—a head less under the influence of an excitable heart—could hardly have failed to discover that the abject poverty lying at the bottom of the factory case, could not be removed by his proposed legislation; or to have anticipated, what in fact has occurred, that legislation, by driving the children from the factory, must throw them upon some other means of bread, still less remunerative or eligible. The true fruits of his effort will not be found in the reformed factory, but in the mines, where a part, at least, of the dislocated poor took refuge, and where whatever hardships they undergo are buried from popular sight and sympathy, deep in the bowels of the earth. Of this fact there will, ere long, be lamentable evidence brought before the public.

Thus, also, in Mr. Sadler's eagerness to overthrow the Malthusian theory, as something in itself irreligious, and in its presumed tendencies cruel and inhuman, he lost sight of the main truth, that the labour market is governed, like all others, by the ratio of supply to demand; and of the fact, that the supply was then excessive. This was a condition wholly independent of Malthus's theory; and the importance which should have attached to that theory depended chiefly upon its tendency to seize upon the public imagination, and to lead inquiry away from social and political causes, more important, because more manageable. Whatever may be the natural law of increase, it is a general fact in history, that population, in every condition of density, has pressed against the means of subsistence, through the ignorance of governments or of the people themselves. Nay, *ceteris paribus*, the scantier the population, the smaller is the individual's power to wrestle with the elements; and the very object of social union is increased production. It is thus that while true civilization develops all men's resources, and tends to establish a healthy balance between population and production, corrupted civilization, by crippling industry and monopolizing wealth, diminishes individual power, and imposes the preventive check of vice and starvation, so as ultimately to render the last condition of man worse than the first. The Malthusian theory, (ill understood as it was, because ill developed,\*) by inculcating that evil was inevitable, reconciled honest and good men to political abuses which were placed within their control. It thus produced a sort of political quietism, that was acting injuriously on the interests of the country. Whatever, then, may be the truth concerning that *vexata questio*, the real ratio of increase, there can be little reasonable doubt that Mr. Sadler's vehement handling of the matter produced a certain degree of good in the then state of opinion.

It is, we have said, the leading defect of Mr. Sadler's views, that they overlook the true difficulties of his case. The warm-hearted and honest sympathy which he felt for the working classes was thus all expended on second causes and the accidents of the issue; the trifling and ineffectual remedies for which he struggled were a place in a workhouse,—a cottage garden,—a law to regulate factory hours: in the name of the prophet—figs. This affords a useful lesson to that large class of one-sided philosophers who are always so ready to thrust upon the world their crude panaceas. Political science is

\* The force of the argument, (properly considered) led precisely the other way: if population tends, *per se*, to become excessive, the more necessity for abating abuses.

not so much on the surface, that all who run may read. Unhappily, even the strongest and most penetrating intellects are not always equal to grasp the whole series of causes and effects; so that it is no valid objection against the happiest reforms, that when tried, they may have been found defective on some unforeseen point, and calling for revision and amendment.

It would have required a far more penetrating and philosophic spirit than is evinced in the writings of Mr. Sadler, to gain for him the lasting attention of the public. In those writings, as in many others of the same class which have obtained a temporary notoriety, we find a uniform march of thought, beginning with a comprehensive effort to clear the author's way before him from all obstructions and incumbrances. Position after position is turned, non-cause after non-cause is exposed and exploded; every sentence leads the reader nearer and nearer to the true knot of the question;—but at last, when the road is opened, and the point of attack seems looming into sight, the would-be legislator flies off at a tangent, and passes the real difficulty unnoticed, to arrive at a remedy false in theory and contemptible in practice.

It is, however, consoling to humanity that good dispositions are rarely unprofitable to society, when honestly and vigorously brought into action. Mr. Sadler's arguments may be as weak, and his remedies as futile as we have stated; and yet by fixing public attention upon positive evils, and exposing the sore places in our social system, he has imposed a valuable check upon individual hardness and cruelty, and taught the selfish pursuer of a base expediency the danger of criminal abuse. Nay, he has done more: by rousing the attention of those who slept over evils that had become routine, he acted on the consciences of the benevolent, and produced among the more respectable proficients by wrong a disposition to inquire, and, in some instances, to go before the spirit of legislative reform. One trace, and that no unimportant one, Mr. Sadler has left behind him. He has awakened in the popular apprehension a keener sense of the sufferings and of the wrongs of the labouring poor; he has brought the limits between the rights of labour and of property into a more profitable discussion; and thus he has done more to popularize wholesome reforms, than many who have fought directly in behalf of them.

As to mere matter of criticism, there is little in the biography before us that merits canvass; for we do not think the volume will meet with any extensive notice from the public. We are bound, however, to reprove the narrow spirit in which it is compiled. That the author should offer his hero to us in the light of a perfect Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable of society, that he should propose his opinions as the perfect embodiment of wisdom, and his arguments as destroying and crushing every opponent, is perhaps entitled to some excuse; but the heaping unmeasured abuse upon all adversaries, the habitual exclamation of knave and fool, is utterly unjustifiable. Something of this tendency is discoverable in Mr. Sadler himself; and one knows not whether to smile or weep at the exhibition of a humane spirit thus stained with party and sectarian hate. The thing itself is not difficult to explain in the present instance—it is a pure result of the provincial position of the man. Placed, during the early part of life, out of the world's eye and notice, Mr. Sadler had probably few opportunities for measuring himself with others. Hence, overweening conceit of his own powers and his own opinions; and thence a natural leaning to suspect the wisdom or the honesty of every man who presumed to adopt and to act upon other views. In confirmation,

we need but refer to his unmeasured and never-failing abuse of the political economists, whose doctrines he very evidently misunderstood, and whose arguments were too subtle for his grasp.

*Poems.* By Thomas Miller, author of 'A Day in the Woods,' &c. T. Miller.

A new volume by Thomas Miller is always welcome to us. There is a freshness in his poetry which stamps it as the offspring of fine impulses and natural feelings; he writes *con amore* (to use a phrase so hackneyed that its deep meaning is almost wholly overlooked); even his plagiarisms, if they deserve to be so called, are enveloped in an assimilating atmosphere of fancy, which shows them to be rather the adoptions of love than the appropriations of poverty or cupidity; and when his own voice speaks, it speaks—if not diamonds and pearls—at least daisies and primroses,—at least natural flowers.

The man who has struggled upwards from the mephitic depths of poverty and neglected education,—who has worked out a destiny for himself, according to his manhood, and not according to circumstance,—this man *must* possess some, at least, of the qualities of genius. A firm unswerving faith in the ideal, a stout-hearted energy in pursuing it, and a mind rich in the varied faculties which are indispensable conditions of such faith and such energy, these are, of necessity, his; and of these there is bright evidence in the small volume before us, which contains a collection of poems from time to time, contributed to the periodicals, with some new and beautiful additions. Mr. Miller's power lies in description,—not certainly the highest poetic walk, but yet one which brings to light, sooner than any other, a deficiency of imaginative vivacity in the writer. Poetry, even in describing, must concern itself with something more than mere description; it must appeal to the sentiments, as well as to the perceptive faculties, else it is not poetry.

The volume opens worthily with 'The Happy Valley,' which we quoted from the *Friendship's Offering* for 1841 (*Athen.* No. 681), a picture grouped and coloured with rare artistical skill, which displays a grace of fancy and a glowing happiness of diction that will bear comparison with almost any modern productions of the same class. 'The Summer Morning' is another beautiful poem, though somewhat overwrought and encumbered with conceits. It is new to us, and we shall, therefore, quote from it:—

No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;  
The spider's web with silvery dew is hung  
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:  
The hooked bramble just as it was strung,  
When on each leaf the Night her crystals flung,  
Before the golden-beaked blackbird sung,  
Or ere the yellow-brooms, or gorses rude,  
Had bared their armed heads in lowly gratitude.

As yet no busy insects buzz about,  
No fairy thunder o'er the air is rolled:  
The drooping buds their crimson lips still pout;  
Those stars of earth, the daisies white, unfold,  
And soon the buttercups will give back "gold for gold."

"Hark! hark! the lark" sings 'mid the silvery blue,  
Behold her flight, proud man! and lowly bow.  
She seems the first that does for pardon sue,  
As though the guilty stain which lurks below  
Had touched the flowers that drooped above her brow;  
When she all night slept by the daisies' side;  
And now she soars where purity doth flow,  
Where new-born light is with no sin allied,  
And pointing with her wings, heavenward our thoughts  
would guide.

In belted gold the bees with "merry march"  
Through flowery towns go sounding on their way:  
They pass the red-streak'd woodbine's sun-stain'd arch,  
And onward glide through streets of sheeted May,  
Nor till they reach the summer roses stay,  
Where maiden-buds are wrapt in dowy dreams,  
Drowsy through breathing back the new-mown hay,  
That rolls its fragrance o'er the fringed streams,—  
Mirrors in which the Sun now decks his quivering beams.

And there the hidden river lingering dreams,  
You scarce can see the banks which round it lie;  
That withered trunk, a tree, or shepherd seems,  
Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye.  
Even the very sheep, which graze hard by,  
So bland their fleeces with the misty haze,  
They look like clouds shrouk from the unsmiled sky,  
Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze:—  
The vision fades as they move further on to graze.

A chequered light streams in between the leaves,  
Which on the greenward twinkle in the sun;  
The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,  
And like a silver stream his song doth run  
Down the low vale, edged with fir-trees dun.  
A little bird now hops beside the brook,  
"Peeking" about like an affrighted nun;  
And ever as she drinks doth upward look,  
Twitters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook.

Hark, how the merry bells ring o'er the vale,  
Now near, remote, or lost, just as it blows.  
The red cock sends his voice upon the gale,  
From the thatched grange his answering rival crows:  
The milkmaid o'er the dew-bathed meadow goes,  
Her tucked-up kirtle ever holding tight;  
And now her song rings thro' the green hedge-rows,  
Her milk-kitt hoops glitter like silver bright:—  
I hear her lover singing somewhere out of sight.

The leaves "drop, drop," and dot the crisped stream  
So quick, each circle wears the first away;  
Far out the tufted bulrush seems to dream,  
And to the ripple nods its head away:  
The water-flags with one another play,  
Bowing to every breeze that blows between,  
While purple dragon-flies their wings display:  
The restless swallow's arrowy flight is seen,  
Dimpling the sunny wave, then lost amid the green.

Of a different stamp, but hardly inferior in beauty, is the poem 'To Mary.'

Oh Mary! I was thinking, now,  
How time hath past away, since we  
First owned our love beneath the bough  
Of that wide-spreading old oak tree.

Remember you the rushing Weir,  
That threw its foam-bells at our feet?  
Making a holy murmur there—  
A mournful sound—yet, oh, how sweet!  
Your hand, dear Mary, was in mine—  
We saw the water-lilies move;  
And when our fingers dared to twine,  
We felt the thrill of youthful love.

Have you forgot the village-chime  
That sounded through the listening wood,  
Ringing o'er beds of fragrant thyme,  
Which rose, like incense, where we stood;  
And saw the bending wild-flowers close  
Their sleepy eyes upon the dew,  
Sinking, unheeded, in soft repose,  
Beneath a sky of cloudless blue?

Remember you, how twilight grey  
Stole o'er us ere we were aware?  
You harkening to that blackbird's lay,  
While I stood watching your long hair,  
With which the wanton night-breeze played,  
Baring your neck of veined snow,  
And waving wide both curl and braid,  
Like silken banners to and fro.

Have you forgot how deep you sighed?—  
Mary, that night I marked you well,—  
My own within my breast had died,  
Like sighs heaved in some soundless cell:  
I wished them not to reach your ear,  
But when your own white bosom raised,  
Mine swelled above the rushing Weir,  
And then—upon your face I gazed.

Your deep blue eyes, my girl, met mine;  
A moment they but seemed to rest,  
Then turned to where the stars did shine,  
Then sank abashed upon your breast.  
Our hands closed of their own accord,  
The waters sang along the shore,  
We stood, but neither spake a word—  
We ne'er were mute so long before.

We heard the clock at midnight sound—  
We stood amid the moonlight pale,  
For then our tongues a theme had found;  
We gazed upon the outstretched vale;  
Our fancies built a cottage there—  
The spot I yet remember well,  
'Twas in a glen beside the Weir,  
And we had called it "Primrose Dell."

There is a truth—a poet's truth—about this simple little poem, which deserves a place beside Coleridge's 'Tale of Love,' and Wolf's beautiful stanzas, 'If I had thought thou couldst have died.' These three poems spring from minds essentially different—yet how true the union between them! But we must conclude. The little volume is a refreshing episode in the Winter's Tale, with which Paternoster Row has this year favoured us; and we have quoted enough to recommend the work to all to whom a bright intellect is no less grateful than a bright heaven.



## Kugler's Hand-Book of Italian Painting.

(Second Notice.)

Our first paper on Dr. Kugler's volume did not pay a tithe of the particular notice due to it; nor can we now pay that tithe in full, but must offer the following remarks as a small commutation. Their length is sufficient, however, to prove our respect for the work, despite of their occasional freedom:—

Questo tuo grido farà come vento  
Che le più alte cime più percuote,  
E ciò non fa d'onor poco argomento.\*

Introductory Chapters, which are designed to form a foundation for the subsequent edifice, should consist, we take it, like every good foundation, of plain, solid materials, well-bottomed on a firm substratum, and well bonded together. Among all the chapters in this volume its introductory ones, which comprise the fundamental principles of artistic criticism, seem to us the least coherent, stable, and sound. Dr. Kugler, we should guess, can have no very protuberant organ of constructiveness. His castle, if not built upon clouds or sands, is built upon rather too friable a rock, and is too much hewn out of it. To be explicit, where his discussions are philosophic they are oftenest visionary, where most argumentative they seem most inconclusive, where deepest they do least towards fathoming. We shall give a few examples, which, by their connexion and arrangement, will also furnish out a brief analysis of the author's doctrine.

He begins with a hypothesis as his cornerstone—that the early Christians “in the peculiar and hostile position which they were forced to assume against the heathen religion and its followers, they at first allowed no representation whatever of holy subjects;” that “Art generally was considered as the servant, nay, even as the pillar of idolatry;” that “it appeared the encourager alike of heathenism and moral depravity. Artists who wrought images of the gods were regarded as messengers and servants of Satan.” All these premises are laid down for the purpose of showing good cause why the early Christians offered a “determined opposition to the exercise of imitative art” (p. 2 and 3). Yet in the teeth of these fine arguments is stated the simple fact which overturns them all—early Christian paintings of the Catacombs! However, he proceeds, as from an axiom, to deduce (p. 4) that therefore early Christian Art was, through its “horror of the direct representation of holy subjects,” limited to the symbolical, i. e. to representations of the cross, the dove, the lamb, the monogram of Christ, &c. Yet he contends (and with justice, p. 12,) that Christ himself is represented in the catacomb of St. Calixtus! He does not fix a higher date for this painting than the fourth century, but this is high enough for early Christians; “of the earliest time” are his words. Besides, had that “horror” he magnifies, ever been so great, ages would not have dispelled it, while by his doctrine it must have vanished, dream-like, at once. Rumohr (*Italianische Forschungen*) refers various such “holy subjects” to the very earliest Christian ages, e. g. our Saviour, the Apostles, Prophets, in classic tunica, pallium, and sandals. But it thickens the imbroglio that, describing the said tomb of St. Calixtus, our author should particularize a figure of Orpheus, and yet talk about *odium theologium* against Pagan, or Mythologic Art! He allows it “strange to find a subject of heathen mythology amongst the most solemn themes of Christian contemplation” (p. 7), but he explains it as a “prefiguration of Christ.” And so too he reconciles the awkward presence of River-gods, and other Pagan personages, with his theoretical

exclusion of them afore-mentioned. Is not this being a *Doctor Subtilis*? But special pleas are common ones among German critics. In truth, so far from having any such horror, the early Christians adopted with eagerness and prudent comprehensiveness, unnumbered heathen ceremonies, customs, habits, &c.—adopted them in their churches; why not numerous details of Art also?

Thus proved and disproved to have been at first symbolical,† Christian art is next shown, after a like *felo-de-se* fashion, to have passed into the typical. Representations of the Good Shepherd, &c. typified Christ; and then scenes from the Old Testament typified corresponding passages from the New. Here again the Catacombs swallow up a flank of his castle: the first work described in them is the Virgin and Child! Others, too, not a jot more typical than that.‡ These be the fruits of hypotheses, and systems, and vague generalizations, and still vaguer language. It is true the author, were he beside the reader, might explain much with a—“when I said so I meant but so”—“this must be taken with a large grain of salt”—“the fire here, and the water there, will unite in a certain way very amably.” But his volume, being a professed hand-book for the uninitiated, ought by no means to need, like an “Exercises without key,” a teacher also to explain it. Here (p. 30) we are told of the “pure feeling for form and lively colour, such as are found in the works of the genuine Byzantines:” here (p. 22, 23), per contra, we read that the said pure feeling for form produces only figures, “long and meagre in their proportions;” and the said lively colour was a “greenish-yellow dull.” How is the nascent virtuoso to reconcile these seeming discrepancies? With respect to the same Byzantine manner, we learn at p. 99, that the Siennese painters showed a “predilection” for it, but we had just been assured (p. 82) that they felt a preference for “the softer style of Giotto.” Guido da Siena is mentioned (p. 29) under the head of those Italians who shook off the Byzantine yoke, he being, indeed, generally held the first who did so; yet upon the very kibe of this assertion, his style is declared “perfectly Byzantine,” with the immediate negative upon this also, that it contained “a peculiar naïveté,” the very essential attribute which renders it *anti-Byzantine*! If such be not criticism in the vein of Chaos's hand-book for the Diffusion of Confusion, we should like to see a better sample. Let no one allege that it requires a certain acquaintanceship with Art, if nothing more, to detect these inconsistencies, and that mere beginners would think the whole volume read smooth and well. We knew an old lady who, spectacles on nose, and forefinger regularly carried along each line, perused an Algebraical Treatise, and pronounced it “very amusing.” Persons will see few difficulties in what they don't understand, but then they learn little or nought whatever. How often, when we read the fine writing of this age, do we wish for the old-fashioned style of a Hume or a Robertson, a Sir Joshua Reynolds, or a Jonathan Richardson, homely, but clear, un-picturesque, perhaps, but unsantastical; wherein if there is a mistake, we see it to be a mistake, if there is none, we do not suspect one from the jarring nature of the language. Somewhat, much perhaps, of what Dr. Kugler would have us believe might deserve and obtain credit, were it only developed with due consecutiveness and clearness.

† Facts are apt to be terrible Marilla! Asterius (fourth century) describes a painting of St. Eufemia's Martyrdom: is this symbolical? And was this the only martyrdom painted? At p. 19 we find a *History of Job* (miniature-painting) referred to “the earliest period of Christian antiquity,” i. e. either this work or its original, we cannot guess which from the perplexed passage.

‡ Did more than a symbolical and typical *decent* exist in primitive Art? With great deference, we doubt it.

Lanzi classes Italian Painters primarily by schools, subordinately by epochs. Our author reverses this arrangement, and renders it, in the first place, chronological, then dividing each era of painters into its different contemporaneous schools. Each method has its recommendation; the latter being more adapted for learned amateurs, the former for unlearned. Any person of the least observation will remark, that a novice's first aim is how to distinguish *Schools*, to tell the Florentine from the Roman, the Venetian from the Parmesan, &c. After he has acquired some general ideas about these, he can then more satisfactorily proceed to trace each through its successive ages, of childhood, adolescence, adulthood, decay, and decrepitude; also to discover how far each school has influenced every or any coexistent one or subsequent. On the other hand, that very comprehensiveness and abstractness, which recommends the chronological method to a cognoscente, is what an in-cognoscente would deem, perhaps, beyond his mental grasp, and assuredly so find it. Singular, when of two arrangements the least suitable should have been selected for a Hand-book!

After his brief discussion of primitive Christian Art, which has at least one great merit,—

For brevity is very good  
Whether 'tis or 'tis not understood,

our author investigates the condition of Art during its development. This he makes commence with the thirteenth century, and advance by three stages. According to his hypothesis these are the *objective* stage, the *subjective*, and the anatomical. But let us quote his own words:

“In the revival of Art, the chief aim of the artist was the intelligible expression of the *theme* he had to treat; to seize this characteristically, to represent it faithfully, to give it animation, was his highest ambition. To this end his creative power was as yet almost exclusively devoted; and if at times the mind of the individual was in some degree apparent, as in certain impassioned representations that have been described, this may have been rather from external causes of excitement peculiar to the period, than from an inly-felt necessity to express the character and feelings through the medium of the incident represented. It appears, at first sight, that such a distinction between the theme itself and the manifestation of the individual mind in treating it, is inadmissible,—that the repose of a work of art would be destroyed by such a disunion; and such in fact is the case: but out of this disunion a new and closer alliance was to arise. This separation and union have their foundation in the very essence of Christianity, which recognizes no independent value in the world and its phenomena, but represents the world as alienated from the Divine Spirit—alienated, yet, conscious of its state, ever seeking to return. It was for the artist to express this relation, this tendency to reconciliation, between the earthly, the transitory, and the spiritual and eternal.”

Here is his description of the *objective* stage, that which sought to represent objects external to the painter's self, only, or chiefly, without any mixture of *subjective* treatment, i. e. expression of his individual feeling. Here also is the reason why this first stage of development was objective, viz. “Christianity which recognizes no independent,” &c. Now might it not be supposed a very obvious question would occur—wherefore, if Christianity suggested or originated this development, was there none such among the *Byzantines*? They had, at least then, about as much Christianity to inspire them as had the Italians. Yet the Byzantines stuck to the old, lifeless, truthless types, without ambition to delineate their themes otherwise. Why should Dr. K. make such a bolt off the plain road when discovery lies upon it? Why employ a balloon for what he can reach on tiptoe? Is this transcendentalism or super-scientism? Surely it appears manifest, that under any Church, Christian, or Mahometan, or Heathen—that without any Church

\* “The cry thou raisest  
Shall, as the wind doth, smite the proudest summits,  
Which is of honour no light argument.”  
Cary's Translation of Dante.

at all, the first aim of Art must be intelligible expression of some object, and the first stage of development, or improvement, to seize this characteristically, to represent it faithfully, and to give it animation? Pagan Dædalus did this, as well as, or better than, papal Cimabue. The Italian *trecentisti* did this, and the Byzantines did not, because the Italian *mind* was developing itself in every direction, while the Byzantine stood still, or retrograded. Mark, likewise, the exceptions to this divorce between objective and subjective painting: e. g. "certain impassioned representations that have been described," viz. those of the Baptistery at Parma; Cimabue's "powerful grand intention in the movements;" Duccio's *ditto*, accompanied moreover with "classic feeling for beauty, winning *naïveté*, masterly completion in the naked forms and drapery." These are exceptions—that is to say, the very finest productions of the age! These are allowed to be subjective, yet forsooth the development, of which they were the chief part, and to which they most contributed, and which would scarce merit its name without them, is characterized "as almost exclusively objective!"

From the same paragraph, and some others that follow, we obtain a definition for the subjective stage of development, viz. a stage wherein the painter's individualism, or personal character, makes itself perceptible. And here again Christianity is hailed out of her sacred jurisdiction, without either rhyme (albeit prose enough) or reason. "The alienated world sought to return. It was for the artist to express this relation," &c. *Vide* above passage quoted. Is not this like that ultra-pietism which finds the steam-engine and stocking-loom revealed in the Bible? \* Leonardo da Vinci observed (*Trattato della Pittura*) long ago, that all painters are apt to give reminiscences of their own faces to those of their personages depicted: every artist will throw his own disposition into his works—Michael, Raphael, Fra Beato, did so pre-eminently; Cimabue gave them his aristocratic sternness,† Giotto his cheerful ingenious spirit,‡ Gentile da Fabriano his *gentilezza*, Masaccio his simple, natural character, &c. &c. Is not here cause enough? As soon as painters could delineate exterior forms with ease, they proceeded to improve them by the addition of mental qualities, or moral, or both; and their own, being most familiar to them, suggested themselves first. There was no "inly felt necessity" for doing thus, but unconscious, involuntary necessity: a man's character always tends to divulge itself in his works, not less than in his words; and he must keep a check upon his hand, as upon his tongue, if he would conceal his internal portrait. Thus we have subjective painting after objective by palpable and unavoidable sequence: but there is a Truth so bright, that it makes certain transcendentalists look away from it like the sun. Dr. Kugler we think, besides, has confounded the subjectivity of the nation (if an allowable phrase), or of the epoch, with the subjectivity of the artist. It was Italian national genius, innate taste, vivid disposition, which, added to the progress of time and advancement of mind during this period, throughout this particular people, established the first stage of development, and then the second, and finally the third. Wherefore should critics look for light to a meteor when there is broader and far steadier upon Earth?

\* Yet again (p. 4) Art "finds its perfection, in an especial sense, in the mysterious relations of Christianity to the present world." But those of *Heathenism* to the ancient world produced much greater perfection, witness the Grecian sculptures still extant! Religion, false or true, must ever be the chief support of Art; for this broad principle, an exclusive and fantastic one is substituted.

† An old commentator on Dante's verse, "Credette Cimabue, &c." calls him *arrogant and disdainful*.

‡ "Ingegno e piacevole."—*Vasari*.

About the third stage of development, our author has no refined theory. He admits that Masolino and Masaccio studied correct delineation of form, which characterizes the anatomical stage, because such a step was needful to the perfection of Art. This being the plain natural cause and course, we are amazed Dr. Kugler did not repudiate it. After they had depicted external objects as intelligibly as they could, and then given them all the character they could, (for which they "drew from themselves" to a considerable amount), they at length, perceiving their forms still fall short of the real, sought to render them more real. Hence anatomical precision, and the third stage of development. § Had our author substituted "love of reality" for "love of form," we should quite agree with him here: the latter is not a large enough expression, and is contained within the other, which defines, we submit, the taste then dominant better, because the real was sought in all things. This love, indeed, displayed itself much earlier; Stefano, a pupil of Giotto's, was complimented by the nickname "Scimia della Natura" (ape of nature), from his relative skill as her imitator. Giotto himself was, however, the earliest such *ape*, if not the greatest.

We have only to remark in addition, that the last stage of development ought to have been the first: form ought to have been prime and principal object with the earlier Italians, as it had with the earlier Greeks, who, thereby, gave infant Art those mighty thews which made it spring almost at once into a Colossus. This is the secret of that miraculous stride taken with rainbow suddenness, from the meagre elaborate manner of the Eginetan Marbles to the grandeur and freedom of the Elgin,—two productions sundred by many ages of excellence, though scarce one of time. Form—*draughtsmanship*—(hear it, O ye Isles!)—did this. But Art grew up otherwise among the Italians. These began its study during the corrupt civilization of the Empire; and therefore imbibed a corrupt spirit. That empire was in its second childhood; and an old childhood we may call the infancy of Italian art. Groups, legends, entire scriptural stories, were attempted, ere it had learned how to delineate a single figure—a single feature—well! The Church then added her semi-serviceable, if not harmful patronage: she ordered sets of Saints, and Prophets by the gross, and myriads of martyrdoms, and panoramas of typical scenes, when (for art's sake, be it understood,) she had better have ordered as many votive arms, legs, eyes, and noses. Here, indeed, Christianity exerted a most powerful effect upon Art—precipitating it towards her object, not restraining it to its own;—the priesthood, somewhat like an Advancement of Knowledge Society, helped artists to smatter in every branch, and thus hindered them to master any single one. Dr. Kugler, himself, declares Art retrograded for the express purpose of re-instruction. After eleven centuries Masaccio had, we might almost say, to begin it again! The above effect of Christianity, however, is so obvious, that we suppose it was on this account overlooked. ||

Subjective painting, our author tells us, distinguishes itself into two species: "in the one, the intellect predominates, in the other the feelings." There is much truth here plainly stated, and afterwards fairly developed, as well as duly qualified. He does not pretend to say these two species were never united, or that the same painter could not exhibit both at the same time.

§ Let us note that in truth this stage is *objective* too, is but the first stage returning for further cultivation.

|| We must not be understood as denying the wide-spread and beneficial influence of the Church upon Art; but it was much later, and more positive, than the influence Dr. K. points out. See it discussed with eloquence and little exaggeration in M. Rio's 'Art Chrétien.'

Can we determine whether Raffael exhibited more of intellect or feeling? Scarce even as well as whether Shakespeare did. For the feeling of both runs like blood through their intellect, and their intellect like spirit through their feeling. But where Dr. Kugler comes to his fancy terms, naming the former, or intellectual, species, *didactic*, and the latter, *lyrical*, we are again compelled to pull bridle. First, he identifies *didactic* with *allegorical* (p. 45), yet has himself quoted Orcagna's *didactic* work the *Triumph of Death*, as "requiring neither symbol nor allegory" to explain it, while in fact, though the whole be *didactic*, *Death* alone is *allegorical*. Laurati's *Wilderness of Hermits* we may pronounce a pure *didactic* painting, as the Devil, who has got there, is, we fear, no *allegorical* personage. Bartolo's series of *Imaginary Portraits* (p. 88), called by Dr. K. *didactic*, cannot pass for *allegorical*. "At the head of the *didactic* or *allegorical* style stands Giotto"—true; but our system-maker should not twist into this style most of Giotto's productions. Hear Mr. Eastlake:—"The *allegorical* tendency, on which the author lays so much stress, remarkable as it is, is far from being an essential characteristic of Giotto, but might rather be traced to the accidental influence of his friendship with Dante, and to the spirit of the age." Indeed Dr. Kugler admits elsewhere (p. 44) that "the mental bias in question stood in the closest relation to all the tendencies of the period;" and (pp. 47, 48) that Dante influenced Giotto's works at Assisi, nay, even that various designs for the paintings there were said to be by this poet's own hand. How much more does the student learn about Giotto, and of consequence about art during his times,—for, creator-like, his spirit was ubiquitous,—from the editor's matter of fact, though not very euphonious description: "His invention is mainly distinguished from the earlier productions by the introduction of natural incidents and expressions, by an almost modern [that is, Raffael-like] richness and depth of composition, by the dramatic interest of his groups, and by a general contempt for the formal and servile style of his predecessors. The minor peculiarities are, in like manner, all diametrically opposite to the preceding practice. The 'Spectral Stare' of the earlier painters is changed to half-closed eyes, unnaturally long in shape, the dark colour of the Byzantines to a delicate and even pale carnation."\* After all, common sense, thou art a precious thing!—or rather we should have said *un-common* sense, for of a truth there be few commodities rarer. We would merely add, that Giotto's "half-closed eyes" must not suggest the Hampton Court Beauties with their drooping lids, nor their mannered painter, whose females seem to belong, one and all, to the luxurious tribe of the Languishes—

Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.

In Giotto this peculiarity, perhaps, arose from a desire to avoid the 'Spectral Stare,' and so went too much into the other extreme; unless his own eyes may have been of that shape, according to Leonardo's hint above cited.†

Again; surely intellectual painting may be poetic or fanciful, or humorous, or many another thing besides *didactic*? unless, indeed, we stretch this latter word, so as to comprehend all the former ones, when it will mean such a vast deal, that it will mean nought whatever in particular.

\* This, Mr. E. observes, "was the most unfortunate of his innovations, for it was adopted by the Florentines for more than a century after him." Let us submit the possibility of its being not so unfortunate as, we believe, to its *gray*, *cool*, *indifferent* colouring Florentine art owes much of its *super-eminent design*,—and design is the deepest source from which greatness in Painting arises. Giotto's delicate pale carnations had, we surmise, a double origin: first, the wish to avoid that Byzantine lurid, unwholesome of hue; second, the endeavour to reach natural *flesh-tint*, a first step advance towards the third stage of development when reality was cultivated.

† Boccaccio tells us he was ill-formed and ill-favoured.



ticular. For then any pictures which *teach*, pictures of feeling themselves, will come under *didactic*; and there is almost no picture which does not teach something. If Dr. Kugler limits the word to its usual acceptance, he has thus left out the whole department of *un-didactic* intellectual painting! But the truth is, he seems ingeniously to combine both these errors at once; as he omits all mention of this department, and yet enumerates its chief details under the wrong head of Didactic. For example, half the works he specifies by Giotto, the Gaddis, Orcagna, &c. are neither didactic nor allegorical, but some fanciful, some religious—or must we confound didactic and religious in order to clear up his incongruities, though the one regards morals, the other faith? However, as worthy Mrs. Deborah Wilkins says, "if it be so, why so be it!"

But our chief objection is to Dr. Kugler's introduction or adoption of the name *lyrical* painting. "In it the feelings of the creating artist predominate, and for this reason we have compared it with lyric poetry. The feelings, the inward energies of the soul, need no forms of varied character in order to manifest themselves in external appearance; they have no essential connexion with the phenomena of life in its multifarious peculiarities and relations; their expression extends, indeed, to the surface of outward form, but has no necessary dependence on it." Pray are not the intellectual faculties "inward energies of the soul," as well as the feelings? And if so, why then lyrical painting, whose essence the latter are, will be identical with didactic painting, whose essence the former are; and then the distinction drawn between the two kinds of subjective painting vanishes, like the distinction drawn by a ship's cut-water between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Moreover, we, humdrum Saxon transcendentalists, heaven help us! imagined that life "in its multifarious peculiarities and relations" was the very thing with which the feelings *had* essential connexion, and about which they were mostly and most strongly concerned. But apart from these apparent oversights, perhaps only ascribable to slattern diction, how should the feelings characterize and monopolize lyrical painting? Let Schlegel reply, for this idea remounts to him: "The lyric poem is the musical expression of mental emotions by language. The essence of musical feeling consists in this, that we endeavour from a sense of pleasure to dwell on, and even to perpetuate in our minds, some kind of emotion of a joyful or a painful nature. The feeling must consequently be so much mitigated as not to impel us, from desire of pleasure or dread of pain, to tear ourselves from it, but such as to allow us, unconcerned at the flight of time, to feel ourselves at home for a single moment of our existence." (*Lectures* 1, 41.) This may be transcendentalism, for it certainly transcends all comprehension. Why should not a lyric express mental *images* as well as emotions? And is the fourth Eneid, being full of emotions musically expressed, therefore lyric, and not epic? What are we to understand by a feeling which impels us from desire of *pleasure* to tear ourselves *from* it? And about the musical feeling that makes us "feel ourselves at home" we can form no notion, unless the effect of national melodies, *ranz-de-vaches*, and "Sweet, sweet Home" be intended. But this perhaps is the translator's or the printer's transcendentalism. If any reader can get a glimpse of what constitutes Lyrical Poetry from the above definition, he has the advantage of us. For our poor part, we think the imaginative or intellectual, song-like passages in *Comus* just as much lyrics as Wordsworth's most feeling verses most musically expressed. Our notion of lyrical poetry is quite independent of, though compatible with the

feelings: poetry reminiscent of a song accompanied by a *lyre*, we consider lyrical. If this notion, so little high-flown, be all that M. Schlegel's "transformation of co-ordinates" would bring us to—how have we advanced? We grant the connexion between modern lyrics and lyres is remote enough; but the fault, if one, is with the lyric poets, who have deviated from their original vein, not with us. At all events, the connexion between lyrical poetry and *pictures* of feeling, or any pictures whatever, except those of harps, dulcimers, and fiddles, is to our view distant indeed. We must, therefore, hold the name, "lyrical painting," fantastic, affected, inappropriate, and inadmissible,—not a licence, but lawlessness of speech.

*The Intellectual and Moral Influence of the Professions: an Address delivered at the Opening Soirée of the Dublin Law Institute, January 31, 1842. By His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. Printed for the Society.*

WE learn, from the Address of the President, that the Dublin Law Institute has now reached its third year, and that its success has surpassed the hopes of its founders. It was established, it appears, for the purpose of teaching law as a science; and men of every class, creed, and party, combined in its formation, and have contributed to its support. The lectures delivered are not confined to legal technicalities, but embrace an extensive course of jurisprudence; and the system of instruction is so arranged, as to include not merely professional students, but all persons anxious to become acquainted with the laws and constitution of their country. The Societies of the King's Inn, Dublin, and of Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, London, have manifested their approbation of the Institute by pecuniary grants. *Soirées* also are to be given by the Society, and these will not, we think, be found the least valuable parts of its system; they will afford,—what is everywhere valuable, but more especially so in Ireland—a neutral ground, where men of every sect and party may meet and join in "the holy work of advancing the empire of law," and securing the supremacy of intelligence. The papers to be read at these re-unions will not be confined to legal subjects, but, like the Address before us, they will include all matters of general interest.

From the foundation of the Institute, the Archbishop of Dublin has taken an active part in its proceedings, and the Address now before us was delivered at its opening *soirée*, on the 31st of January last. The subject discussed is one of importance, for it forms a part of the great problem, how far the operations of the mind are controlled and modified by external circumstances. His Grace has confined himself to an examination of the disadvantages and dangers arising from the exclusiveness which must more or less accompany all professional pursuits.

"There is one class of dangers pertaining alike to every profession, every branch of study—every kind of distinct pursuit. I mean the danger in each, to him who is devoted to it, of over-rating its importance as compared with others, and again of unduly extending its province. To a man who has no enlarged views, no general cultivation of mind, and no familiar intercourse with the enlightened and the worthy of other classes besides his own, the result must be more or less of the several forms of *narrow-mindedness*. To apply to all questions, on all subjects, the same principles and rules of judging that are suitable to the particular questions and subjects about which he is especially conversant;—to bring in those subjects and questions on all occasions, suitable or unsuitable; like the painter Horace alludes to, who introduced a cypress tree into the picture of a shipwreck; to regard his own particular pursuit as the one important and absorbing interest;—to look on all other events, transactions, and occupations, chiefly

as they minister more or less to that;—to view the present state and past history of the world chiefly in reference to that;—and to feel a clannish attachment to the members of the particular profession or class he belongs to, as a *body* or class; (an attachment, by the bye, which is often limited to the collective class, and not accompanied with kindly feelings towards the individual members of it,) and to have more or less an alienation of feeling from those of other classes;—all these, and many other such, are symptoms of that narrow-mindedness which is to be found, alike, *mutatis mutandis*, in all who do not carefully guard themselves against it, whatever may be the profession or department of study of each."

Passing from the consideration of dangers common to all, those to which the clerical profession is peculiarly exposed are first brought under review; and of these the leading place is assigned to the indifference, proverbially the result of familiarity, which may arise from the repeated discussion of sacred subjects, and still more from the continuous repetition of moral and religious instruction. With this is connected the danger of giving fallacious instead of sound reasons to the persons instructed, when dulness or ignorance may render them more likely to be influenced by what flatters their passions or their prejudices, rather than by that which convinces their understanding. This is, in fact, the same error, in relation to individuals, which the following extract describes on a larger scale:

"Another class of dangers, and perhaps the greatest of all to which the Clergy are professionally exposed, and which is the last I shall mention, is the temptation to prefer popularity to truth, and the present comfort and gratification of the people to their ultimate welfare. The well-known fable of Mahomet and the mountain, which he found it easier to go to, himself, than to make the mountain come to him, may be regarded as a sort of allegorical type of any one who seeks to give peace of conscience and satisfaction to his hearers, and to obtain applause for himself, by bringing his doctrine and language into a conformity with the inclinations and the conduct of his hearers, rather than by bringing the character of the hearers into a conformity with what is true and right. Not that there are many, who are, in the outset at least, so unprincipled as deliberately to suppress essential truths, or to inculcate known falsehood, for the sake of administering groundless comfort, or gaining applause; but as 'a gift' is said in Scripture to 'blind the eyes,' so, the bribe of popularity (especially when the alternative is perhaps severe censure, and even persecution) is likely, by little and little, to bias the judgment,—to blind the eyes first to the importance, and afterwards to the truth and justice, of unpopular doctrines and precepts; and ultimately to bring a man himself to believe what his hearers wish him to teach."

Turning from the clerical to the medical profession, the Archbishop dwells chiefly on the danger of mixing up physical theories with religious belief, and the false notions which many well-meaning people have promulgated respecting the Christian death-bed:—

"It is much to be wished that religious persons would be careful to abstain—I do not say, from entering on any physiological or metaphysical speculations (which they have a perfect right to do), but— from mixing up these with Christianity, and making everything that they believe on matters at all connected with religion, a part of their religious faith. I remember conversing with an intelligent man on the subject of some speculations tending to a revival of the doctrine of equivocal generation, which he censured, as leading to Atheism. He was somewhat startled on my reminding him that two hundred years ago many would have as readily set a man down as an atheist who should have denied that doctrine. Both conclusions, I conceive, to be alike rash and unwarrantable. I cannot but advert, in concluding this head, to the danger likely to arise from the language of some divines respecting a peaceful or troubled departure, as a sure criterion of a Christian or an unchristian life. 'A death-bed's a detector of the heart,' is the observation of one of them, who is well known as a poet. Now, that a man's state of mind

on his death-bed is often very much influenced by his past life, there is no doubt; but I believe most medical men can testify that it is quite as often and as much influenced by the disease of which he dies. The effects of certain nervous and other disorders in producing distressing agitation,—of the process of *suppuration*, in producing depression of spirits—the calming and soothing effects of a *mortification* in its last stage, and many other such phenomena, are, I believe, familiar to practitioners. When, then, they find promises and threats boldly held out, which are far from being regularly fulfilled—when they find various statements confidently made, some of which appear to them improbable, and others at variance with facts coming under their own experience, they are in danger of drawing conclusions unfavourable to the truth of Christianity, if they apply too hastily the maxim of '*peritis credendum est in arte sudi*;' and take for granted on the word of divines that whatever they teach as a part of Christianity, really is so, without making inquiry for themselves. They are indeed no less culpably rash in such a procedure, than any one would have been who should reason in a similar manner from the works of medical men two or three hundred years ago; who taught the influence of the stars on the human frame—the importance of the moon's phases to the efficacy of medicines, and other such fancies. Should any one have thence inferred, that astronomy and medicine never could have any claims to attention, and were merely idle dreams of empty pretenders, he would not have been more rash than a physician or physiologist who judges of Christianity by the hypothesis of all who profess to teach it."

In reference to the legal profession, his Grace chiefly directs attention to "the licence of counsel," or how far an advocate is justified in asserting the rectitude of a cause, or the innocence of a client, while he is well aware of the iniquity of the one, or the guilt of the other. In reference to this subject, he quotes some observations on cross-examination, forming part of the additions made to the last edition of his own '*Treatise on Rhetoric*,' which we willingly extract:—

"In oral examination of witnesses, a skilful cross-examiner will often elicit from a reluctant witness most important truths, which the witness is desirous of concealing or disguising. There is another kind of skill, which consists in so alarming, misleading, or bewildering an honest witness, as to throw discredit on his testimony, or pervert the effect of it,—of this kind of art, which may be characterised as the most base and depraved of all possible employments of intellectual power, I shall only make one further observation. I am convinced that the most effectual mode of eliciting truth, is quite different from that by which an honest, simple-minded witness is most easily baffled and confused. I have seen the experiment tried, of subjecting a witness to such a kind of cross-examination by a practised lawyer as would have been, I am convinced, the most likely to alarm and perplex many an honest witness; without any effect in shaking the testimony; and afterwards, by a totally opposite mode of examination, such as would not have at all perplexed one who was honestly telling the truth, that same witness was drawn on, step by step, to acknowledge the utter falsity of the whole. Generally speaking, I believe that a quiet, gentle, and straightforward, though full and careful, examination, will be the most adapted to elicit truth; and that the manoeuvres and brow-beatings, which are the most adapted to confuse the honest witness, are just what the dishonest one is best prepared for.—The more the storm blusters, the more carefully he wraps round him the cloak, which a warm sunshine will often induce him to throw off." [Rhet., part 1, s. 2. 6th edition.]

The quotations we have made from this Address, sufficiently prove our estimate of its value. Its design is rather to lead to investigation, than to satisfy inquiry: and we have rarely met so much "material for thinking" accumulated in so small a compass.

*The Two Admirals, a Tale of the Sea.* By J. Fenimore Cooper. 3 vols. Bentley.

How far number and order are elements of the picturesque, is a question on the adjustment of which a good deal of pretty argument might be expended. We are not sure whether any grand battle piece, even by Bourgoigne himself, could equal in pictorial effect the solitary *duello*. We are not sure whether, had Mr. Cooper wrought with the power of his earlier days, the manoeuvres of the fleet, commanded by Admirals Oakes and Bluewater, could have excited the same thrilling interest as attended the hair-breadth 'scapes and dare-devil achievements of the *Ariel* or the *Waterwitch*. But the case is not fairly tried in the novel before us; for, though we have here and there flashes of the old spirit, it is but for a moment. Mr. Cooper in the '*Two Admirals*' is as prolix as usual, but the prolixity is languid and wearisome, as compared with the busy interesting minuteness of his earlier manner of narration.

The time of the '*Two Admirals*' is the middle of last century;—the scene opens on the coast of Devonshire, where an officer in guard of a Signal Station (who has been degraded from a higher rank, owing to his drunken habits), his melancholy wife, and his beautiful daughter, make precisely the group, into the midst of which a young handsome stranger from the colonies, like Wycherly Wycheombe, is sure to introduce trouble. An additional entanglement for the course of true love presents itself in the circumstances of the Baronet's family, with which the aforesaid Wycherly is distantly connected. A fair estate and a fine fortune are capriciously willed away, in accordance with an old family usage; and one claimant to the same is a certain Tom Wycheombe, of whom we conceive a tolerable Iago would have been made, had not Mr. Cooper steered a little wide of the course originally laid down. Such, with the owner of the estate, are the principal shore figures—if Wycherly deserve the name, he being a sailor as nimble on the deck as he is gallant upon the cliffs in perilling his life to gather a nosegay for sweet Mildred Dutton.

The marine figures are better drawn. The two admirals are a Pylades and Orestes, the course of whose long career in glorious war and generous friendship, has never been severely troubled till one of them, Bluewater, begins to perplex his mind with that question fraught with so much vexation a hundred years since, the Hanoverian succession. On the landing of Charles Edward in Scotland, Bluewater is so far influenced by his Jacobite sympathies, as to hold himself apart from an action with the French, until affection for his brother officer, rather than duty to King George, hurries him on to interpose at a critical moment.—Sir Gervaise Oakes was all but overmastered,—nor was the bitterness of such a position made the less galling by a consciousness that he owed that imminent peril to the desertion of a brother in arms, the staunch companion of many a victory:—

"The reader will not overlook the material circumstance, that all we have related occurred amid the din of battle. Guns were exploding at each instant, the cloud of smoke was both thickening and extending, fire was flashing in the semi-obscurity of its volumes, shot were rending the wood and cutting the rigging, and the piercing shrieks of agony, only so much the more appalling by being extorted from the stern and resolute, blended their thrilling accompaniments. Men seemed to be converted into demons, and yet there was a lofty and stubborn resolution to conquer mingled with all, that ennobled the strife and rendered it heroic. The broadsides that were delivered in succession down the line, as ship after ship of the rear division reached her station, however, proclaimed that Monsieur des Prez had

imitated Sir Gervaise's mode of closing, the only one by means of which the leading vessel could escape destruction, and that the English were completely doubled on. At this moment, the sail-trimmed of the *Plantagenet* handled their braces. The first pull was the last. No sooner were the ropes started, than the fore-top-mast went over the bows, dragging after it the main with all its hamper, the mizen snapping like a pipe-stem at the cap. By this cruel accident, the result of many injuries to shrouds, back-stays, and spars, the situation of the *Plantagenet* became worse than ever; for, not only was the wreck to be partially cleared, at least, to fight many of the larboard guns, but the command of the ship was, in a great measure, lost, in the centre of one of the most infernal mêlées that ever accompanied a combat at sea. At no time does the trained seaman ever appear so great as when he meets sudden misfortunes with the steadiness and quiet which it is a material part of the *morale* of discipline to inculcate. Greenly was full of ardour for the assault, and was thinking of the best mode of running foul of his adversary, when this calamity occurred; but the masts were hardly down when he changed all his thoughts to a new current, and called out to the sail-trimners to 'lay over, and clear the wreck.' Sir Gervaise, too, met with a sudden and violent check to the current of his feelings. He had collected his Bowditch, and was giving his instructions as to the manner in which they were to follow, and keep near his person, in the expected hand-to-hand encounter, when the heavy rushing of the air, and the swoop of the masts from above, announced what had occurred. Turning to the men, he calmly ordered them to aid in getting rid of the incumbrances, and was in the very act of directing Wycherly to join in the same duty, when the latter exclaimed:—'See, Sir Gervaise, here comes another of the Frenchmen close upon our quarter. By heavens, they must mean to board!' The vice-admiral instinctively grasped his sword-hilt tighter, and turned in the direction mentioned by his companion. There, indeed, came a fresh ship, shoving the cloud aside, and, by the clearer atmosphere that seemed to accompany her, apparently bringing down a current of air stronger than common. When first seen, the jib-boom and bow-sprit were both enveloped in smoke, but his belling fore-top-sail, and the canvass hanging in festoons, loomed grandly in the vapour, the black yards seeming to embrace the wreaths, merely to cast them aside. The proximity, too, was fearful, her yard-arms promising to clear those of the *Plantagenet* only by a few feet, as her dark bows brushed along the admiral's side. 'This will be fearful work, indeed!' exclaimed Sir Gervaise. 'A fresh broadside from a ship so near, will sweep all from the spars. Go, Wycheombe, tell Greenly to call in—Hold!—'Tis an English ship! No Frenchman's bowsprit stands like that! Almighty God be praised! 'Tis the *Cesar*—there is the old Roman figure-head just shoving out of the smoke!' This was said with a yell, rather than a cry, of delight, and in a voice so loud that the words were heard below, and flew through the ship like the hissing of an ascending rocket. To confirm the glorious tidings, the flash and roar of guns on the off-side of the stranger announced the welcome tidings that *Le Pluton* had an enemy of her own to contend with, thus enabling the *Plantagenet's* people to throw all their strength on the starboard guns, and pursue their other necessary work without further molestation from the French rear-admiral. The gratitude of Sir Gervaise, as the rescuing ship thrust herself in between him and his most formidable assailant, was too deep for language. He placed his hat mechanically before his face, and thanked God, with a fervour of spirit that never before had attended his thanksgivings. This brief act of devotion over, he found the bows of the *Cesar*, which ship was advancing very slowly, in order not to pass too far ahead, just abreast of the spot where he stood, and so near that objects were pretty plainly visible. Between her knight-heads stood Bluewater, conning the ship, by means of a line of officers, his hat in his hand, waving in encouragement to his own people, while Geoffrey Cleveland held the trumpet at his elbow. At that moment three noble cheers were given by the crews of the two friendly vessels, and mingled with the increasing roar of the *Cesar's* artillery. Then the smoke rose in a cloud over the forecastle

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of the latter ship, and persons could no longer be distinguished. Nevertheless, like all that thus approached, the relieving ship passed slowly ahead, until nearly her whole length protected the undefended side of her consort, delivering her fire with fearful rapidity. The *Plantagenets* seemed to imbibe new life from this arrival, and their starboard guns spoke out again, as if manned by giants. It was five minutes, perhaps, after this seasonable arrival, before the guns of the other ships of the English rear announced their presence on the outside of Monsieur des Prez's force; thus bringing the whole of the two fleets into four lines, all steering dead before the wind, and, as it were, interwoven with each other. By that time, the poops of the *Plantagenet* and *Cesar* became visible from one to the other, the smoke now driving principally off from the vessels. There again were our two admirals each anxiously watching to get a glimpse of his friend. The instant the place was clear, Sir Gervaise applied the trumpet to his mouth, and called out—"God bless you—Dick! may God for ever bless you—your ship can do it—clap your helm hard a-starboard, and sheer into M. des Prez; you'll have him in five minutes." Bluewater smiled, waved his hand, gave an order, and laid aside his trumpet. Two minutes later, the *Cesar* sheered into the smoke on her larboard beam, and the crash of the meeting vessels was heard. By this time, the wreck of the *Plantagenet* was cut adrift, and she, too, made a rank abreast, though in a direction opposite to that of the *Cesar's*. As she went through the smoke, her guns ceased, and when she emerged into the pure air, it was found that *Le Foudroyant* had set courses and top-gallant sails, and was drawing so fast ahead, as to render pursuit, under the little sail that could be set, unprofitable. Signals were out of the question, but this movement of the two admirals converted the whole battle scene into one of inexplicable confusion. Ship after ship changed her position, and ceased her fire from uncertainty what that position was, until a general silence succeeded the roar of the cannonade. It was indispensable to pause and let the smoke blow away. It did not require many minutes to raise the curtain on the two fleets. As soon as the firing stopped, the wind increased, and the smoke was driven off to leeward in a vast straggling cloud, that seemed to scatter and disperse in the air spontaneously. Then a sight of the havoc and destruction that had been done in this short conflict was first obtained.

This spirited scene leaves us little space for further enumeration of the minor salt-water characters—whom Mr. Cooper has clustered round his 'Two Admirals.' But it must not deprive us of the line of praise to be given to the winding-up of the novel, which is good, and not altogether hackneyed—a rare merit in these days. To conclude; if this be not one of its author's best works, it is worth a hundred such as his 'Heidenmauer,' or 'Eve Effingham.' The rank it ought to take when measured against our own sea novels, it were invidious to attempt to determine. Let the blue jackets settle the question.

**London Legends**, by Paul Pindar, Gent. 2 vols. It may be said, in praise of these legends, that they belong neither to the Park Lane nor the St. Giles's school of fiction; which, as times go, is praise,—perhaps praise enough, for they want originality. Miss Lawrence, Mr. Thomson, and many others, including "the only true and lawful 'Box' himself" have been before our author. Nevertheless, there is a smack of the good old city about his descriptions, which should recommend them to all such novel readers as have a spice of antiquarianism in their nature; while 'The Foster Son,' and 'The Alderman,' both contain passages of powerful writing, which, twenty years ago, might have made a stir. Alas! in these days of Indian disaster and income-tax—but we are growing querulous and political. It is time, therefore, to pause, after having mentioned that three out of the four tales included in the collection have already appeared in the periodicals.

**Blackheath, or the Morning Walk: a Poem**, by James Cross. This tiny book contains three good things,—health,

freshness, and observation of nature. We cannot call 'Blackheath' a good poem; but that it is something better than the pieces of stale manufacture which aspire to that title, may be seen, we think, from its opening stanzas:—

Quick let me rise, chase hovering dreams away;  
While the still world yet breathes in sleep profound;  
The voice of spring calls the approaching day  
To clothe in beauty all the landscape round.  
The cooling dews yet feed the thirsty ground,  
And twittering birds prepare for songs of mirth;  
Fresh are the fields: again hath nature found  
Her cheerfulness, her smiles; and heaven and earth  
Awake, rejoice, and sing o'er the spring-blossoms' birth.

I catch the last glance of the morning star,  
Whose beam is struggling with the light of day,  
It glitters and is gone, as from afar,  
From sphere to sphere extends a mightier ray,  
Melting the purple dome of heaven away,  
With all its worlds eclips'd in new-born light.  
Till earth looks up in gladness: fresh and gay  
The breeze plays o'er the bough in wild delight.  
And night at morn's approach betakes herself to flight.  
Oh! how I love to breathe the bracing air,  
And court the cooling freshness of the gale,  
When bright skies hail the morning, and the fair  
Fresh opening flowers their balmy breath exhale,  
And early sunbeams raise the misty veil  
That hangs, fair Shooter's Hill, around thy brow,  
O'er which the fleecy clouds in beauty sail,  
Kindling with richest light, and, as they glow,

Reflecting genial warmth on wood and stream below.  
The lark is up—gay bird—whose glad wing cleaves  
The yielding air, and now, with pinions spread  
Rides on the breeze while heaven her song receives,  
She sips the earliest suile from eastward shed;  
Invisibly poins'd high overhead—  
Now sweetly singing to her Maker's praise—  
She calls us from the closely-curtained bed,  
From daylight slumber and the tangled maze  
Of faithless dreams our souls in cheerfulness to raise.

Oh sin! oh shame! that we should idly waste  
In sloth a time so beautiful as this;  
Withheld by habit vile, refuse to taste  
This cup of health and joy, this earthly bliss.  
Ah foolish race! that happiness we miss  
Which daily seeks to find us, while we turn,  
And 'mid tumultuous pleasures court and kiss  
The vain frivolities which it doth spurn.  
Yet seek, and wonder why its form we never discern.  
But haste from scenes of glittering wretchedness,  
From midnight meetings and their boisterous joys,  
From phantom pleasure, misman'd happiness,  
Which in the bud all happiness destroys.  
Come from the City's turbulence and noise,  
Leave pomp and pride of circumstance behind,  
And vain ambition which the free soul cloy:  
Come with a willing heart, a careless mind,  
Let nature be your guide, and happiness you'll find.

If the writer of these verses fail to win fame, let him not repine; he has a spirit and power within him, which, if rightly appreciated and employed, make up a happiness with which "the stranger intermeddeth not."

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#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS.

(Concluded from p. 231.)

ALTHOUGH doubts, as broad as four hundred years, separate the earliest and latest period talked of as the age of Simeon Metaphrastes by those "viri illustrissimi" the classical critics, we may set him down, without much peril to himself or us, at the close of the tenth century, or very early in the eleventh. He is chiefly known for his 'Lives of the Saints,' which have been lifted up as a mark both for honour and dishonour; which Psellus hints at as a favourite literature of the angels, which Leo Allatius exalts as chafing the temper of the heretics, and respecting which we, in an exemplary serenity, shall straightway accede to one-half of the opinion of Bellarmine—that the work speaketh not as things actually happened, but as they might have happened—"non ut res gesta fuerant, sed ut geri poterant." Our half of this weighty opinion is the first clause—we demur upon "ut geri poterant,"—and we need not go farther than the former to win a light of commentary for the term "metaphrases," applied to the saintly biographies in otherwise a doubtful sense, and worn obliquely upon the sleeve of the biographer Metaphrastes, in no doubtful token of his skill in metamorphosing things as they were into things as they might have been. And Simeon having received from Constantinople the honour of his birth within her walls, and returning to her the better honour of the distinctions and usefulness of his life,—so writeth Psellus, his encomiast, with a graceful turn of thought,—expired in an "odour of sanctity" befitting the biographer of all the saints,—breathing out from his breathless remains such an incense of celestial sweetness, that if it had not been for the mal-adroitness of certain unfraternal persons whose desecration of the next tomb acted instantly as a stopper, the whole earth might at this day be *metaphrased* to our nostrils, as steeped in an attar-gul of Eden or Ede!—we might be dwelling in a phoenix nest at this day. Through the mal-adroitness, however, in question, there is lost to us every sweeter influence from the life and death of Simeon Metaphrastes than may result from the lives and deaths of his saints, and from other works of his, whether commentaries, orations, or poems; and we cannot add that the aroma from his writings bears any proportion in value to the fragrance from his sepulchre. Little of his poetry has reached us, and we are satisfied with the limit. There were three Simeons, who did precede our Simeon, as the world knoweth, and whose titles were Stylite or Columnarii, because it pleased them in their saintly volition to take the highest place and live out their natural lives supernaturally, each upon the top of a column. Peradventure the columns which our Simeon refused to live upon, conspired against his poetry: peradventure it is on their account that we find ourselves between two alphabetic acrostics, written solemnly by his hand, and take up one wherein every alternate line begins with a letter of the alphabet; its companion in the couplet being left to run behind it, out of livery and sometimes out of breath. Will the public care to look upon such a curiosity? Will our verse writers care to understand what harm may be done by a conspiracy of columns—gods and men quite on one side? And will candid readers care to confess at last, that there is an earnestness in the poem, acrostic as it is,—a leaning to beauty's side,—which is above the acrosticism? Let us try:—

Ah, tears upon mine eyelids, sorrow on mine heart!  
Bringing the soul-repentance, Creator as thou art.  
Bounding joyous actions, deep as arrows go—  
Pleasures self-revolving, issue into woe!  
Creatures of our mortal, headlong rush to sin—  
I have seen them;—of them—ah me,—I have been!  
Duly pitying Spirits, from your spirit-frame,  
Bring your cloud of weeping,—worthy of the same!  
Else I would be bold—If that light of thine,  
Jesus, quell the evil, let it on me shine.  
Fain me truth, is living, less than death forlorn.  
When the sinner repents—"better be unborn!"  
God, I raise toward thee both eyes of my heart,  
With a sharp cry—"Help me!"—while mine hopes depart.  
Help me! Death is bitter, all hearts comprehend;  
But I fear beyond it—end beyond the end!  
Inwardly behold me, how my soul is black—  
Sympathize in gazing, do not spurn me back!  
Knowing that thy pleasure is not to destroy,  
That thou fain wouldst save me—this is all my joy.  
Lo, the lion, hunting spirits in their den,  
(stand beside me!) roareth—(help me!) nears to leap!  
May'st Thou help me, Master—Thou art pure alone—  
Thou alone art sinless—one Christ on a throne.

Nightly deeds I loved them—hated day's instead—  
Hence this soul-involving darkness on mine head!  
O Word, who constrainest things estranged and curst,  
If thy hand can save me, that work were the first!  
Pensive of my sinning, counting all its ways,  
Terrors shake me, waiting adequate dismay.  
Quenchless glories many, hast Thou—many a rod—  
Thou, too, hast Thy measures—Can I bear, Thee, God?  
Send away my counting from my soul's decline,  
Show me of the portion of those saved of Thine!  
Slow drops of my weeping to thy mercy run—  
Let its rivers wash me, by that mercy won.  
Tell me what is worthy, in our dreary now,  
As the future glory? (madness!) what, as Thou?  
Union, oh, vouchsafe me to Thy fold beneath,  
Lest the wolf across me gnash his gory teeth.  
View me, judge me gently! spare me, Master bland,—  
Brightly lift thine eyelids, kindly stretch thine hand!  
Winged and choral angels! 'twixt my spirit lone,  
And all deathly visions, interpose your own!  
Yea, my Soul, remember death and wee inwrought—  
After-death affliction, wringing earth's to nought.  
Zoned me, Lord, with graces! Be foundations built  
Underneath me; save me! as thou know'st and wilt!

The omission of our X, (in any case too sullen a letter to be employed in the service of an acrostic,) has permitted us to write line for line with the Greek; and we are able to infer, to the honour of the Greek poet, that, although he did not live upon a column, he was not far below one, in the virtue of self-mortification. We are tempted to accord him some more gracious and serious justice, by breaking away a passage from his 'Planctus Marie,' the lament of Mary on embracing the Lord's body; and giving a moment's insight into a remarkable composition, which, however deprived of its poetical right of measure, is, in fact, nearer to a poem, both in purpose and achievement, than any versified matter we have looked upon from this metaphrastic hand:—

"O, uncovered corpse, yet Word of the Living One! self-doomed to be uplifted on the cross for the drawing of all men unto thee,—what member of thine hath no wound? O, my blessed brows, embraced by the thorn-wreath which is pricking at my heart! O beautiful and priestly One, who hadst not where to lay thine head and rest, and now wilt lay it only in the tomb, resting there,—sleeping, as Jacob said, a lion's sleep! O cheeks turned to the smiter! O lips, now hive for bees, yet fresh from the sharpness of vinegar and bitterness of gall! O mouth, wherein was no guile, yet betrayed by the traitor's kiss! O hand, creative of man, yet nailed to the cross, and since, stretched out unto Hades, with help for the first transgressor! O feet, once walking on the deep to hallow the waters of nature! O me, my son! . . . Where is thy chorus of sick ones?—those whom thou didst cure of their diseases, and bring back from the dead? Is none here, but only Nicodemus, to draw the nails from those hands and feet?—none here but only Nicodemus, to lift thee from the cross, heavily, heavily, and lay thee in those mother-arms, which bore thee long ago, in thy babyhood, and were glad then? These hands, which swaddled thee then, let them bind thy grave-clothes now. And yet,—O, bitter funerals!—O, Giver of life from the dead, liest Thou dead before mine eyes? Must I, who said 'hush' beside thy cradle, wail this passion upon thy grave? I, who washed thee in thy first bath, must I drop on Thee these hotter tears? I, who raised thee high in my maternal arms,—but then thou leapest,—then thou springest up in thy child-play . . ."

It is better to write so than to stand upon a column. And, although the passage does, both generally and specifically, in certain of its ideas, recall the antithetic eloquence of that Gregory Nazianzen before whom this Simeon must be dumb, we have touched his "oration," so called, nearer than our subject could permit us to do any of Gregory's, because the 'Planctus' involves an imagined situation, is poetical in its design. Moreover, we must prepare to look downwards; the poets were descending from the gorgeous majesty of the hexameter and the severe simplicity of iambics, down through the mediate "versus politici," a loose metre, adapted to the popular ear, to the lowest deep of a "measured prose,"—which has been likened,—but which we will not liken,—to the blank verse of our times. Presently, we may offer an example from Psellus of a prose acrostic—the reader being delighted with the prospect! "A whole silver threepence, mistress."

Michael Psellus lived midway in the eleventh century, and appears to have been a man of much aspiration towards the higher places of the earth. A

senator of no ordinary influence, preceptor of the emperor Michael previous to that accession, he is supposed to have included in his instructions the advantages of sovereignty, and in his precepts the most subtle means of securing them. We were about to add, that his acquisitions as a scholar were scarcely less imperial than those of his pupil as a prince—but the expression might have been inappropriate. There are cases not infrequent, not entirely opposite to the present case, and worthy always of all meditation by such intelligent men as affect extensive acquisition,—when acquirements are not ruled by the man, but rule him. Whatever originates from the mind cannot obstruct her individual faculty; nay, whatever she receives inwardly and marks her power over by creating out of it a *tertium quid*, according to the law of the perpetual generation of spiritual verities, is not obstructive but impulsive to the evolution of faculty; but the erudition, whether it be erudition as the world showed it formerly, or miscellaneous literature, as the world shows it now, the accumulated acquirement of whatever character, which remains extraneous to the mind, is and must be in the same degree an obstruction and deformity. How many are there from Psellus to Bayle, bound hand and foot intellectually with the rolls of their own *γάρυρος*—men whose erudition has grown stronger than their souls! How many whom we would gladly see washed in the clean waters of a little ignorance, and take our own part in their refreshment! Not that knowledge is bad, but that wisdom is better; and that it is better and wiser in the sight of the angels of knowledge to think out one true thought with a thrush's song and a green light for all lexicon—or to think it without the light and without the song;—because truth is beautiful, where they are not seen or heard;—than to mummy our benumbed souls with the circumvolutions of twenty thousand books. And so Michael Psellus was a learned man.

We have sought earnestly, yet in vain,—and the fact may account for our ill-humour—a sight of certain iambics upon vices and virtues, and Tantalus and Sphinx, which are attributed to this writer, and cannot be in the moon after all,—earnestly, yet with no fairer encouragement to our desire than what befals it from his poems (!) 'On the Councils,' the first of which, and only the first, through the softness of our charities, we bring to confront the reader:—Know the holy councils, King, to their utmost number, Such as roused the impious ones from their world-wide slumber!

Seven in all those councils were—Nice the first containing, When the godly master-soul Constantine was reigning, What time at Byzantium, hallowed with the hyssop, In heart and word, Metaphanes presided as archbishop! It cut away Arius' tongue's maniacal delusion, Which cut off from the Trinity the blessed Homonoousion—Blasphemed (O miserable man!) the maker of the creature, And low beneath the Father cast the equal Filial nature.

The prose acrostic, contained in an office written by Psellus to the honour of Simeon, is elaborated on the words "I sing thee who didst write the metaphrases;" every sentence being insulated, and beginning with a charmed letter.

"Say in a dance how we shall go,  
Who never could a measure know?"  
why thus—(and yet Psellus, who did know everything, wrote a synopsis of the metres!)—why thus:  
"Inspire me, Word of God, with a rhythmic chant, for I am borne onward to praise Simeon Metaphrastes, and Logothetes, as he is fitly called, the man worthy of admiration."

"Solemnly from the heavenly heights did the Blessed Ghost descend on thee, wise one, and finding thine heart pure, rested there, there verily in the body!"

Surely we need not write any more. But Michael Psellus was a very learned man.

John, of Euchaita, or Euchania, or Theodoropolis,—the three names do appear through the twilight to belong to one city—was a bishop, probably contemporary with Psellus—is only a poet now—we turn to see the voice which speaks to us. It is a voice with a soul in it, clear and sweet and living; and we who have walked long in the desert, leap up to its sound as to the dim flowing of a stream, and would take a deep breath by its side both for the weariness which is gone and the repose which is coming. But it is a rarer thing than a stream in the desert: it is a voice in the desert—the only voice of a city. The city may have three names, as we have said, or the three

names may more fitly appertain to three cities: scholars knit their brows and wax doubtful as they talk; but a city, denuded of its multitudes it surely is, ruined even of its ruins it surely is; no exhalation arises from its tombs—the foxes have lost their way to it—the bittens' cry is as dumb as the vanished population—only the Voice remains. John Mauropus, of Euchaita, Euchania, Theodoropolis! one living man among many dead, as the Arabian tale goes of the city of enchantment!—one speechful voice among the silent, sole survivor of the breath which maketh words, effluence of the soul replacing the bittens' cry—speak to us! And thou shalt be to us as a poet—we will salute thee by that high name. For have we not stood face to face with Michael Psellus and him of the metaphrases? Surely as a poet may we salute thee?

His poetry has, as if in contrast to the scenery of circumstances in which we find it, or to the fatality of circumstances in which it has not been found, (and even Mr. Clarke in his learned work upon Sacred Literature, which is, however, incommunicable generally upon sacred poetry, appears unconscious of his being and his bishoprick) his poetry has a character singularly vital, fresh, and serene. There is nothing in it of the rapture of inspiration, little of the operativeness of art—nothing of imagination in a high sense, or of ear-service in any—he is not, he says, of those—

Who rain hard with redundancies of words,  
And thunder and lighten out of eloquence.

His Greek being opposed to that of the Silentiarii and the Psidae by a peculiar simplicity and ease of collocation which the reader feels lightly in a moment, the thoughts move through its transparency with a certain calm nobleness and sweet living earnestness, with holy upturned eyes and human tears beneath the lids, till the reader feels lovingly too. We startle him from his reverie with an octave note on a favourite literary fashion of the living London, drawn from the voice of the lost city; discovering by that sound the first serial illustrator of pictures by poems, in the person of our Johannes. Here is a specimen from an annual of Euchaita, or Euchania, or Theodoropolis—we may say "annual" although the pictures were certainly not in a book, but were probably ornaments of the beautiful temple in the midst of the city, concerning which there is a tradition. Here is a specimen selected for love's sake, because it "illustrates" a portrait of Gregory Nazianzen:—

What meditates thy thoughtful gaze, my father?  
To tell me some new truth? Thou canst not so!  
For all that mortal hands are weak to gather,  
Thy blessed books unfolded long ago.

These are striking verses, upon the Blessed among women, weeping.—

O Lady of the passion, dost thou weep?  
What help can we then through our tears survey,  
If such as thou a cause for weeping keep?  
What help, what hope, for us, sweet Lady, say?  
"Good man, it doth befit thine heart to lay  
More courage next it, having seen me so.  
All other hearts find other balm to day—  
The whole world's consolation is my woe!"

Would any hear what can be said of a Transfiguration before Raphael's:—

Tremble, spectator, at the vision won thee—  
Stand afar off, look downward from the height,—  
Lest Christ too nearly seen should lighten on thee,  
And from thy fleshly eye-balls strike the sight,  
As Paul fell ruined by that glory white,  
Lo, the disciples prostrate, each apart,  
Each impotent to bear the lamping light!  
And all that Moses and Elias might,  
The darkness caught the grace upon her heart  
And gave them strength for! Thou, if evermore  
A God-voice pierce thy dark,—rejoice—adore!

Our poet was as unwilling a bishop as the most sturdy of the "nolentes;" and there are poems written both in depreciation of, and in retrospective regret for, the ordaining dignity, marked by noble and holy beauties which we are unwilling to pass without extraction. Still we are constrained for space, and must come at last to his chief individual characteristic—to the gentle humanities which, strange to say, preponderate in the solitary voice—to the familiar smiles and sighs which go up and down in it to our ear. We will take the poem "To his old house," and see how the house survives by his good help, when the sun shines no more on the golden statue of Constantine:—

Oh, be not angry with me, gentle house,  
That I have left thee empty and deserted!

Since thou  
In being  
In loving  
In mist  
In no on  
And send  
But lovin  
And so,  
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Since thou thyself that evil didst arouse,  
In being to thy masters so false-hearted—  
In loving none of those who did possess thee,—  
In ministering to no one to an end—  
In no one's service caring to confess thee,  
But loving still the change of friend for friend,  
And sending the last, plague-wise, to the door!  
And so, or ere thou canst betray and leave me,  
I, a wise lord, dismiss thee, servant,  
And antedate the wrong thou may'st achieve me  
Against my will, by what my will allows,  
Yet not without some sorrow, gentle house!

For O, beloved house! what time I render  
My last look back on thee I grow more tender!  
Pleasant possession, hearth for father's age,  
Dear gift of buried hands, sole heritage!  
My blood is stirred—and love that learnt its play  
From all sweet customs moves mine heart thy way!  
For thou wert all my nurse and helpful creature,  
For thou wert all my tutor and my teacher—  
In thee through lengthening toils I struggled deep—  
In thee I watched all night without its sleep—  
In thee I wearied the wearier daytime out,  
Exalting truth, or trying by a doubt.

And oh, my father's roof! the memory leaves  
Such pangs as break mine heart, beloved eaves,  
But God's word conquers all!

He is forced to a strange land, reverting with this  
benevolence to the "dearest house":

Farewell, farewell, mine own familiar one,  
Entranced for evermore from this day's sun,  
Fare-thee-well so! Farewell, O second mother,  
O nurse and help,—remains there not another!  
My bringer-up to some sublimer measure  
Of holy childhood and perfected pleasure!  
Now other spirits must thou tend and teach,  
And minister thy quiet unto each,  
For reasoning uses, if they love such use,  
But nevermore to me! God keep thee, house,  
God keep thee, faithful corner, where I drew  
So calm a breath of life! And God keep you,  
Kind neighbours! Though I leave you by His grace,  
Let no grief bring a shadow to your face,  
Because whither He wills to do the deed,  
His will makes easy, makes the distant one,  
And soon brings all embraced before his throne!

We pass Philip Solitarius, who lived at the close  
of this eleventh century, even as we have passed one  
or two besides of his fellow poets: because they,  
having hidden themselves beyond the reach of our  
eyes and the endeavour of our hands, and we being  
careful to speak by knowledge rather than by testi-  
mony, nothing remains to us but this same silent  
passing—this regretful one, as our care to do better  
must testify—albeit our fancy will not, by any means,  
account them, with all their advantages of absence,  
"the best part of the solemnity."

Early in the twelfth century we are called to the  
recognition of Theodore Prodromus, theologian,  
philosopher, and poet. His poems are unequal,  
consisting principally of a series of tetrastichs—Greek  
epigrams for lack of point, French epigrams for lack  
of poetry—upon the Old and New Testaments, and  
the Life of Chrysostom,—all nearly as bare of the  
rags of literary merit as might be expected from  
the design; and three didactic poems upon Love,  
Providence, and against Boreas the heretic, into  
which the poet has cast the recollected life of his  
soul. The soul departs herself as a soul should, with  
a vivacity and energy which work outward and  
upward into eloquence. The sentiments are lofty,  
the expression free; there is an instinct to a middle and  
an end. Music we miss, even to the elementary  
melody: the poet thinks his thoughts, and speaks  
them; not indeed what all poets, so called, do esteem  
a necessary effort, and indeed what we should thank  
him for doing; but he sings them in nowise, and  
they are not of that divine order which are crowned  
by right of their divinity with an inseparable aureole  
of sweet sound. His poem upon Love, *ἡρώδης* says  
the Greek word, but friendship does not answer to  
it,—is a dialogue between the personification and a  
stranger. It opens thus dramatically, the stranger  
speaking:—

Love! Lady diademed with honour, whence  
And whither goest thou? Thy look presents  
Tears to the lid—thy mien is vexed and low—  
Thy looks fall wildly from thy drooping brow—  
Thy blushes are all pale—thy garb is fit  
For mourning in, and shoon and zone are loose!  
So changed thou art to sadness every whit,  
And all that pomp and purple thou didst use,  
That seemly sweet,—that new rose on the mouth,—  
Those fair-smoothed tresses, and that graceful zone,  
Bright sandals, and the rest thou haddest on,  
Are all departed, gone to nought together!  
And now thou walkest mournful in the train  
Of mourning women!—where and whence, again?

Love. From earth to God my Father.  
Stranger. Dost thou say  
That earth of Love is desolated?

Love. Yes!  
It so much scorned me. Scorned!  
Stranger. And cast me out  
Love. From its door.  
Stranger. From its door?  
Love. As if without  
I had my lot to die!

Love consents to give her confidence to the won-  
dering stranger; whereupon, as they sit in the shadow  
of a tall pine, she tells a Platonic story of all the  
good she had done in heaven before the stars, and the  
angels, and the throned Triad, and of all her subsequent  
sufferings on the melancholy and ungrateful earth.  
The poem, which includes much beauty, ends with a  
quaint sweetness in the troth-plighting of the stranger  
and the lady. May'st thou have been faithful to  
that oath, O Theodore Prodromus! but thou didst  
"swear too much to be believed... so much."

The poems 'On Providence' and 'Against Boreas'  
exceeded the 'Love' perhaps in power and eloquence  
to the full measure of the degree in which they fall  
short of the interest of the latter's design. Where-  
upon we dedicate the following selection from the  
'Providence,' to Mr. Carlyle's "gigmen" and all  
"respectable persons":—

Ah me! what tears mine eyes are welling forth,  
To witness in this synagoge of earth  
Wise men speak wisely while the scoffers sing,  
And rich men folly, for much honoring!  
Melitus trifles.—Socrates decrees  
Our further knowledge! Death to Socrates,  
And long life to Melitus!

Chiefdom of evil, gold! blind child of clay,  
Gnawing with fixed tooth earth's heart away!  
Go! perish from us! oburgation vain  
To soulless nature, powerless to contain  
One ill untrist upon it! Rather perish  
That turpitude of crowds, by which they cherish  
Bad men for their good fortune, or condemn,  
Because of evil fortune, virtuous men!

Oh, for a trumpet-mouth! an iron tongue  
Sufficient for all speech! foundations hung  
High on Parnassus' top to bear my feet,—  
So from that watch-tower, words which meet me,  
I may out-thunder to the nations near me—  
"Ye worshippers of gold, poor rich men, hear me!  
Where do ye wander?—for what object stand?  
That gold is earth's ye carry in your hand,  
And floweth earthward! had men have its curse  
The most profusely! would yourselves be worse  
So to be richer?—better in your purse?  
Your royal purple—twas a dog that found it!  
Your pearl of price—a sickened oyster owned it!  
Your glittering gems are pebbles dust-astroy!  
Your palace pomp was wrought of wood and clay,  
Smoothed rock and moulded plinth! earth's clay! earth's  
wood!

Earth's common-hearted stones! Is this your mood,  
To honour earth, to worship earth... nor blush?"—  
What dost thou murmur, savage mouth? Hush, hush!  
Thy wrath is vainly breathed—The death to tread  
Of God's deep judgments, was not Paul's, he said.

The "savage mouth" speaks in power, with what-  
ever harshness; and we are tempted to contrast with  
this vehement utterance another short poem by the  
same poet, a little quaint withal, but light, soft,  
almost tuneful,—as written for a 'Book of Beauty,'  
and that not of Eucharist! The subject is 'Life.'

Oh, take me, thou mortal... thy Life for thy praiser!  
Thou hast met, found, and seized me, and know'st what my  
ways are.  
Nor leave me for slackness, nor yield me for pleasure,  
Nor look up too saintly, nor muse beyond measure!  
There's the veil from my head—see the worst of my mourn-  
ing!

There are wheels to my feet—have a dread of their turning!  
There are wings round my waist—I may flatter and flee thee!  
There are yokes on my hands—fear the chains I decree thee!  
Hold me! hold a shadow, the winds as they quiver;  
Hold me! hold a dream, smoke, a track on the river.  
Oh, take me thou mortal... thy Life for thy praiser,  
Thou hast met not and seized not—nor know'st what my  
ways are!

Nay, frown not, and shrink not—nor call me an aspen;  
There's the veil from my head! I have dropped from thy  
claspings!  
A fall back within it, I soon may afford thee:  
There are wheels to my feet—I may roll back toward thee—  
There are wings round my waist—I may flee back and clip  
thee—  
There are yokes on my hands—I may soon cease to whip  
thee!

Take courage! I rather would hearten than hip thee!  
John Izetza divides the twelfth century with his  
name, which is not a great one. In addition to an  
iambic fragment upon education, he has written in-  
defatigably in the metre *politicus*, what must be read,  
if read at all, with a corresponding energy,—thirteen  
"Chilids" of "varia historia," so called after  
Ælian's, Ælian's without the "honey tongue,"—  
very various histories indeed, about crocodiles and

flies, and Plato's philosophy and Cleopatra's nails,  
and Samson and Phidias, and the resurrection from  
the dead, and the Calydonian boar,—"everything  
under the sun" being, in fact, their imperfect epi-  
tome. The omission is simply Poetry! there is no  
apparent consciousness of her entity in the mind of  
this versifier; no aspiration towards her presence,  
not so much as a sigh upon her absence. We do  
not, indeed, become aware, in the whole course of  
this laborious work, of much unfolding of faculty;  
take it lower than the poetical; of nothing much beyond  
an occasional dry, sly, somewhat boorish humour,  
which being good humour besides, would not be a  
bad thing were its traces only more extended. But  
the general level of the work is a dull talkativeness,  
a prosy adversity, who is no "Daughter of Jove,"  
and a slumberousness without a dream. We adjudge  
to our reader the instructive history of the Phoenix.

A phoenix is a single bird and synchronous with nature,  
The peacock cannot equal him in beauty or in stature!  
In radiance he outshines the gold; the world in wonder  
yieldeth:

His nest he fixeth in the trees, and all of spices buildeth.  
And when he dies, a little worm from out his body twining,  
Doth generate him back again when'er the sun is shining;  
He lives in Egypt, and he dies in Ethiopia only, as  
Asserts Philostratus, who wrote the Life of Apollonius.  
And as the wise Egyptian scribe, the holy scribe Cherson,  
Hath entered on these Institutes, all centre their esteem on,  
Seven thousand years and six of age, this phoenix of the  
story,

Expieth from the fair Nile side, whereby he had his glory!

In the early part of the fourteenth century, Manuel  
Phile, pricked emulously to the heart by the success-  
ful labours of Izetza, embraced into identity with  
himself the remaining half of Ælian, and developed  
in his poetical treatise 'On the Properties of Ani-  
mals,' to which Isachimus Camerarius provided a  
conclusion—the Natural History of that industrious  
and amusing Greek-Roman. The Natural History  
is translated into verse, but by no means glorified;  
and yet the poet of animals, Phile, has carried away far  
more of the Ælian honey clinging to the edges of his  
*patera*, than the poet of the *Chilids* did ever wot of.  
What we find in him is not beauty, what we hear in  
him is not music, but there is an open feeling for the  
beautiful which stirs at a word, and we have a scarcely  
confessed contentment in hearkening to those twice-  
told stories of birds and beasts, and fishes, measured  
out to us in the low monotony of his chanting voice.  
Our selections shall say nothing of the live grasshopper,  
called, with the first breath of these papers, an  
emblem of the vital Greek tongue; because the space  
left to us closes within our sight, and the science of  
the age does not thirst to receive, through our hands,  
the history of grasshoppers, according to Ælian or  
Phile either. Everybody knows what Phile tells us  
here, that grasshoppers live upon morning dew, and  
cannot sing when it is dry. Everybody knows that  
the lady grasshopper sings not at all. And if  
the moral, drawn by Phile from this latter fact, of  
the advantage of silence in the female sex generally,  
be true and important, it is also too obvious to exact  
our enforcement of it. Therefore we pass by the  
grasshopper, and the nightingale too, for all her fan-  
tastic song,—and hasten to introduce to European  
naturalists a Philhellenic species of *heron*, which has  
escaped the researches of Cuvier, and the peculiari-  
ties of which may account to the philosophic reader  
for that instinct of the "wisdom of our forefathers,"  
which established an English university in approxi-  
mation with the fens. It is earnestly to be hoped  
that the nice ear in question for the Attic dialect,  
may still be preserved among the herons of Cam-  
bridgeshire:—

A Grecian inland nourisheth to bless  
A race of herons in all nobleness.  
If some barbarian bark approach the shore,  
They hate, they flee,—no eagle can outsoar!  
But if by chance an Attic voice be wist,  
They grow softhearted straight, philhellonist;  
Press on in earnest flocks along the strand,  
And stretch their wings out to the comer's hand.  
Perhaps he nears them with a gentle mind,—  
They love his love, though foreign to their kind!  
For so the island giveth winged teachers  
In true love lessons, to all wingless creatures.

He has written, besides, 'A Dialogue between  
Mind and Phile,' and other poems; and we cannot  
part without taking from him a more solemn tone,  
which may sound as an "Amen!" to the good we  
have said of him. The following address to the Holy  
Spirit is concentrated in expression:—

O living Spirit, O falling of God-god,  
O Grace which dost console us and renew;

O vital light, O breath of angelhood,  
O generous ministrations of things good—  
Creator of the visible, and best  
Upholder of the great unmanifest!  
Power infinitely wise, new boon sublime,  
Of science and of art, constraining might;  
In whom I breathe, live, speak, rejoice, and write,  
Be with us in all places, for all time!

"And now," saith the patientest reader of all, "you have done. Now we have watched out the whole night of the world with you, by no better light than these poetical rushlights, and the wicks fail, and the clock of the universal hour is near upon the stroke of the seventeenth century, and you have surely done!" Surely *not*, we answer; for we see a hand which the reader sees not, which beckons us over to Crete, and clasps within its shadowy fingers a roll of hymns anacreontic, written by Maximus Margarius; and not for the last of our readers would we lose this last of the Greeks, owing him salutation. Yet the hymns have, for the true anacreontic fragrance, a musty odour, and we have scent praise for them in our nostrils. Their inspiration is from Gregory Nazianzen, whose "Soul and body" are renewed in them by a double species of transmigration; and although we kiss the feet of Gregory's high excellencies, we cannot admit any one of them to be a safe conductor of poetical inspiration. And in union with Margarius's plagiaristic tendencies, there is a wearisome lengthiness, harder to bear. He will knit you to the whole length of an "Honi soit qui mal y pense," till you fall asleep to the humming of the stitches, what time you should be reading the "moral." We ourselves once dropped into a "distraction," as the French say,—for nothing could be more different from what the English say, than our serene state of self-abnegation—at the beginning of a house-building by this Maximus Margarius: when, reading on some hundred lines with our bare bodily eyes, and our soul starting up on a sudden to demand a measure of the progress, behold, he was building it still, with a trowel in the same hand: it was not forwarder by a brick. The swallows had time to hatch two nestfuls in a chimney while he finished the chimney-pot! Nevertheless he has moments of earnestness, and they leave beauties in their trace. Let us listen to this extract from his fifth hymn:—

Take me as an hermit lone,  
With a desert life and moan;  
Only Thou anear to mete  
Slow or quick my pulse's beat;  
Only Thou, the night to chase,  
With the sunlight in Thy face!  
Pleasure to the eyes may come  
From a glory seen afar,  
But if life concentre gloom  
Scattered by no little star,  
Then, how feeble, God, we are!  
Nay, whatever bird there be  
(Either by his flying stirred),  
He, in this thing, must be free—  
And I, Saviour, am thy bird,  
Pricking with an open beak  
At the words that thou dost speak!  
Leave a breath upon my wings,  
That above these nether things  
I may rise to where thou art,—  
I may flutter next thine heart!  
For if a light within me burn,  
It must be darkness in an urn,  
Unless within its crystalline,  
That unbeginning light of thine  
Shine!—oh! Saviour, let it shine!

He is the last of four Greeks. The light from Troy city, with which all Greek glory began, "threw three times six," said Æschylus, that man with a soul,—beacon after beacon, into the heart of Greece. "Three times six," too, threw the light from Greece, when her own heart-light had gone out like Troy's, onward along the ridges of time. Three times six—but what faint beacons are the last!—sometimes only a red brand; sometimes only a small trembling flame; sometimes only a white glimmer, as of ashes breathed on by the wind; faint beacons and far! How far! We have watched them along the cloudy tops of the great centuries, through the ages dark for them,—and now stand looking with eyes of farewell upon the last pale sign on the last mist-bound hill. But it is the sixteenth century. Beyond the ashes on the hill a red light is gathering—above the falling of the dew a great sun is rising: there is a rushing of life and song upward; let it still be upward!—Shakespeare is in the world! And the Genius of English Poetry, she who only of all the earth is worthy, (Goethe's spirit may hear us say so, and smile), stooping, with a royal gesture, to kiss the dead lips of the Genius

of Greece, stands up her successor in the universe, by virtue of that Christ, and in right of her own crown.

#### THE PICTURE OF THE DEAD.

SUGGESTED BY AN ANECDOTE IN CATLIN'S TRAVELS.  
(See *Athen.* No. 746.)

A chief from his distant forest came  
To the pale one's lonely tent;  
And he bore such gifts as well might seem  
By an Indian monarch sent.  
And "Bright may the sun on thy dwelling shine,"  
Said the warrior of the wild,  
"O stranger, the gifts which I bear are thine,  
Who hast given me back my child.  
"My child, who passed to the spirit-land  
In the sunrise of her years;  
I have looked for her in our woodland band  
Till mine eyes grew dim with tears:  
But her shadow bright, by thy pencil traced,  
Still sweet in my dwelling smiled,  
And the hearth she left is not yet laid waste.—  
Thou hast given me back my child.  
"I laid her low in the place of graves,  
Where the ever silent slept;  
And summer's grass in its greenness waves  
Where an Indian warrior wept;  
For bright was our star, though it early set,  
And we lost its lustre mild;  
But she lives in her changeless beauty yet,—  
Thou hast given me back my child.  
"And say when our young, who loved her well,  
Like the pines grow old and hoar,  
Will her youth still last, as theirs that dwell  
Where the winter comes no more?  
When the early loved of her heart is low,  
Will she smile as she ever smiled?  
O, safe from the withering hand of woe,  
Hast thou given me back my child?  
"Tis well with those of thy eastern land,  
Though their loved ones may depart,  
The magic power of the painter's hand  
Can restore them to the heart.  
O, long may the light of their presence stay,  
Whose love hath thy griefs beguiled;  
And blessings brighten thy homeward way,  
Who hast given me back my child!"

FRANCES BROWN.

#### STRAWBERRY HILL.

BY LADY MORGAN.

[Strawberry Hill and its associations are gone for ever! It is already desolated—tainted and vulgarized by the puffing and quacking of the auctioneer. It will be impossible when the fairy place is crowded with gaping ignorance, to feel or to comprehend the sanctity with which it has long been environed in the minds and hearts of all persons of refined taste. What are its treasures to the million? What is Marguerite de Valois, or Leonora d'Este, or Mary Stuart, or Ninon, or Sévigné, or Charlotte de la Tremouille, or Venetia Digby, or Raphael, or Giulio Clovio, or Giulio Romano, or Cellini, or Peter Oliver, or Petitot, or even Horace Walpole himself?—a name, and nothing more. The illusion is passed; and Strawberry Hill must return to its original nothingness; a suburban villa, situated in a marshy flat, between dusty roads; a lodging-house for summer visitors. Hereafter it will be our duty to chronicle and criticise its treasures; but for the present we prefer indulging in the romance of the past, and have therefore obtained permission to republish a delightful account of a visit paid to the dream-land in 1826, by one, the best able, perhaps, among us all to sympathize with and appreciate the varied and refined taste of its accomplished founder.]

The leading trait of Walpole's intellectual temperament, was a quick and delicate perception of the truth of things, moral and material, in nature and art. The true and unerring tact, that innate endowment by which the ridiculous as well as the false (and the ridiculous is but an amusing set-off of the false) is always rapidly got at, lost nothing of its perfection by his education having been begun and finished in the closet of one of the shrewdest and cleverest ministers that England ever possessed. Shut up with old Sir Robert, *tête-à-tête*, he learned "to laugh at the madness of political ambition," and discovered that "happiness did not depend on administration and victories." In the galleries of Houghton, amidst the trophies of a palace, his early taste for the arts was developed, which testified its exquisite justness in the learned and clever preface, written almost in boyhood, to his "*Ædes Walpoleianæ*." It was there too he learnt "what a monarch a man was, who wanted nothing," and governed by a conviction,

which would have best become a stoic, and by a taste and contempt which were evidently those of an epicurean, he settled down early in life an intellectual voluptuary, preferring enjoyment to fame, yet acquiring the latter, which he so well deserved, while simply occupied in pursuit of the former. So early as his return from Italy (and during his travels) his vocation to *virtù*, or "*Famour pour l'enquête*" (as Rabelais terms it) unequivocally declared itself; but his floating capital of taste, which was for a time devoted to the classic antique, properly so called, was soon thrown for want of a "quick return" in England (where Roman antiquities are few and bad) into that fund so rich and yielding in Great Britain, the antiquities of the middle ages. England then abounded in relics of the times of the Chaucers, the Spencers, the Sidney's, and the Shakespeares, relics then neglected and unappreciated. The "betweeny" which occurred in the interval when the charming Gothic had declined and the Palladian had not crept in, was in every respect a Bæotian age. Then gardens were built not planted; and the disciples of Kent, Brown, and Southcote were still struggling through "clipt hedges and cockle-shell avenues;" while Sir William Temple's "natural walls" and lead-covered grottoes, were not yet quite out of fashion, and wildernesses were still composed of straight walks, and caverns were lined with looking-glasses. The furniture of aristocratic mansions was then half German, half French; cumbrous not venerable, with all the inconveniences of the antique, without its picturesqueness. While ponderous stuffed chairs and china monsters filled the apartments of the descendants of the worthiest of Elizabeth's court, carvings by Gibbons, and portraits by Holbein, were consigned to lumber-rooms; beds embroidered by the Queen of Scots, and sweet-bags worked by her maids, were left to moulder, while a stiff-backed *bergère* from some *miroirier's* shop in the Rue de Bac, or a china sconce from Seves brought any price. Such were the neglected treasures which discovered themselves to the most ardent of antiquarians and collectors in his various and delightfully recorded "pilgrimages" to the holy lands of Gothic castles and abbeys, the hereditary seats of the Byrons, the Howards, the Seymours, the Russels, the Cavendishes, the Rutlands, the mansions of "Old Bess of Hardwicke," and the palace-prisons of captive royalty. It was in the low-roofed chambers, and nests of closets of Monceaux, Haddon, Hatfield, Newstead, Althorpe, Hinchinbrook, and Chatsworth, that Walpole drew "deeper and deeper still" from the stream of antiquarianism, and was led to unearth those tangible records of past times, which fill out the blanks in history, with details of society, infinitely more interesting than anything the scene-painting pencil of the historian can preserve—for it is curious to think what a *philosophie des mœurs* may be drawn from an inquiry into a china-closet, or an inquiry held on a lumber-room! what epochs in commerce and manufactures may be fixed by the dimensions of a coffee-can, or by the fragments of a suit of hangings! what traits of manners and morals may be furnished by hoops of whalebone and bodices of buckram, by the low-cut stomacher of a Cleveland, or the *negligé* of a Pompadour, and what lights and illustrations may be thrown on such works as Grammont, Peeps, and Evelyn, by the plunder of a Dowager Duchess's tall-boy, or the *exploitation* of the coffers and clothes-presses, the cupboard and dark-closets, in which the old mansions of old families always abound.

It was in such pictorial and historical mansions that Horace Walpole imbibed the desire of having a Gothic castle of his own; and with his imagination full of the proportions and traceries of Winchester, the fretted roofs of Netley, the cross-legged knights, and the piked-horn dames that started from tombs, or walked out of picture-frames, he began to look out for a spot, where he might found a new school for old things, and arrange around him those objects so early associated in his mind,—relics which the arts and history of ages had contributed to fill his crowded cabinet. He at last found a site, whereon to place this long-built "Castle in the air" of his antiquarian dreams; but he neither sought nor found it amidst the romantic shades of Cumberland, nor the old feudal territory of Yorkshire; he simply picked it up accidentally with other *bijoux* at Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop, (then the *petit Dunkirk* of London.) His own

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account of the acquisition is too pleasant to need an apology for quoting it.

"You perceive by date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little playing-house, that I have got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roiled,  
And little fishes wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window: Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Downagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind, but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves; up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville predeceased me here, and instituted certain games called Cicketalia, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow. You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity while a parliament is bursting about my ears."

The little tenement so playfully described, had already a fine antique cast of character, and was rich in all the advantages of dark closets, and "passages that led to nothing." It had been built in 1698, had been tenanted alternately by a profane comedian and a reverend divine—for there, Talbot Bishop of Durham had written his Homilies, and Cibber his play of 'The Refusal, or Lady's Philosophy.' The site, too, abounded in agreeable associations, consonant to the habits and tastes of the elegant proprietor—the air still breathed of Pope, Swift, and Gay; the villas still bloomed where the witty Lady Mary, the charming Lady Hervey, and "Grammont's daughter," had recently resided. Still it must be owned, that, judged by modern ideas of the picturesque in villas, by the dictum of Price or Knight, "the capabilities" of Strawberry were few. It wanted space and prospect, and sometimes made its Gothic reformer sigh "with Chute, that Battil Abbey had not been to be sold at Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop as Strawberry was." Yet its defects, such as they were, harmonized with the style of the old English villa or country-house, whose high walls, deep moats, and dismal elipt hedges excluded all view but of their own dreariness. Even the narrow dusty avenues, and little green lanes, that led to Strawberry, both from Twickenham and the Thames, were all in keeping; for such were the "crack-skull roads" leading to the rural residences of the great in former times—by-ways which obliged *La superbe Hamilton* and *La belle Muskerrey* to mount their palfreys, and jog on behind their gentlemen ushers on pillions, when they left the court at Whitehall to visit their friends in the country, or to participate in the gaudies of Newmarket and "the Wells."

Many Palladian palaces, even of a more recent day, were chosen with a view to security and shelter, rather than to taste and views: the spacious and splendid Mereworth, "though it had some prospect, was built in the centre of a moat, and sprinkled with little ponds." The shades of Strawberry, however, soon began to extend beyond their original five acres. The square-built little toy-house swelled out more nearly to the dimensions of a feudal mansion, and was angled into cabinets, and rounded into towers, lengthened by galleries, and raised by battlements, and finally became the repository of all those trea-

sures that the taste, learning, and research of its owner could rescue from the depredations of time, and the neglect of tasteless and high-born ignorance.

"My collection" (says Walpole, in excuse for his passion for building and Gothicism) "is too great to be humbly lodged." The castle, however, as now existing, did not raise its towers all of a sudden like those of Bagatelle. It was reformed, at different times, by alterations and additions "to the old small house." The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the north bed-chamber in 1770; and the Beaulerc tower, with the hexagon closet, in 1776.

The greatest hold over the imagination, the most powerful tie which time in its course lets fall upon the feelings and the mind, is that which comes of early associations; and even the book read, the picture gazed on in that epoch of life, when all is seen decked in prismatic hues, are never forgotten, and always over-rated in the fondness of old recollections. It happened that at such an epoch, Strawberry Hill and the "Walpoliana" were the picture and the book, to which the writer of this rapid sketch was indebted, for some of those new and delightful impressions, which such objects are calculated to make on the young and the imaginative, to whom pictures and books are such novelties and such enjoyments; and being then the resident of an Irish country-house, where a blind Irish harper was her *magnus Apollo*, and the *fadaises* of Della Crusca her *se plus ultra* of literary acquirement, Strawberry Hill and the "Walpoliana" became her Mecca and her Talmud. To visit Strawberry Hill was a vow made rather in devotion than in hope; while to peruse the works of its master was a desire which time and an intimate acquaintance with their delightful pages has rather sharpened than diminished. Years swept on, some feathered with bird of Paradise wings, and others heavily and slowly, like the sailing flight of birds of less happy omen; but still they swept on, and scenes far more distant, and sites far more remote than the "show-box of Twickenham" were visited.

"The Alps and Apennines, and river Po," and other lands and streams as classic, were traversed and navigated till they had become familiarized to the Irish wanderer's mind, as her own native Horth or Liffy, the Tiber and Soracte of her national partiality in less travelled days; and yet the vow to visit Strawberry, though not accomplished, was not forgotten, and it still held its place, while other vows had faded away, with the airy nothing of which they were the objects. The day, however, at last arrived, when Strawberry was visited, and with an interest as intense, as the Vatican ever excited in the breast of some long-vowed pilgrim to St. Peter's shrine. It was just such a day as the founder himself would have selected for "showing off" to "the Bedford court," and "Princess Emily," or the "De Boufflers and De Beaumonts," when the noble host was wont to draw his bed-curtains, and ask "Harry if the sun shone?" and beheld with a rapture he so pleasantly ridiculed himself (as indeed he did all his own peculiarities) that Strawberry was all "green and gold." Whoever has left England to visit the finest scenery in the finest climes, and returned to glide along the shores of the Thames on such a day (days in England "few and far between,") will scarcely hesitate to admit, what it is impossible not to feel, that compared to those shores, there is nothing equal in beauty and richness in the river scenery of any other country in Europe. The pilgrimage to Strawberry was performed by water, in preference "to one of those two delightful roads that might be called dusty;" and the barge was anchored in one of those little creeks, where, after "holding a chapter with Chute," the antiquarian and his friend were wont to watch the arrival of the boat, which was "freighted with old window frames, old tombs, and old chairs of the time of Edward the Sixth." A freight was expected with an interest as intense as any Antonio of the Rialto ever felt as he watched the entrance of "his argosie" into the Lagunas of Venice: for the passion, not the

object, is the thing; and there is a fanaticism in collecting, which "none but collectors know," or can appreciate. From this little creek and its stepping-stone landing-place, a scrubby sort of a bank on one side, a high dull wall on the other, (but still a wall "castellated after the manner of that which surrounded Aston House,") and some thirty or forty yards of a narrow rutted road, led to one of the gates of the castle, which, truth to tell, seemed from this point to be built like the towers of Monceaux, for the purpose of "seeing nothing at all." All around, the modern antique had the true characteristic feudal air of loneliness—the silence (though not the waste) which despotic power ever creates around it, and which the temporary absenteeism of the great lords of great mansions, even in England, so well represents in its effects. This, however, but deepened an illusion, which was soon dispelled by the appearance of the *custode* of the castle, who replied to the tolling of the porter's bell:—no grim, gruff porter of the olden times, with staff and scutcheon, and beard and belt, and buff coat and bluff air, but a smart, comely, *rondelette* little housekeeper, all frills and falbalas, welcomed our arrival, of which she had been previously forewarned, and playing with her keys, as the ladies in the Spectator played with their fans, alertly and civilly proceeded to do the honours of Strawberry—not a little surprised, from the first starting, to find that one of the sight-seers at least had a catalogue *raisonné* in her head, which superseded the necessity of any other, and who inquired for the "Holbein chamber," and the "Star chamber," and the "Cabinet," with a familiarity that astonished the housekeeper of Strawberry, full as much as the lord of Strawberry himself, on a similar visit, surprised the housekeeper of Althorpe.\* On entering the north gate, (to those well read in the legends of Strawberry,) the "Abbot's garden" may be at once recognised to the right, parted off by an open iron screen-work. The "abbot's garden" has been often sneered at for its miniature dimensions, and, indeed, it is not much larger than an old lady's flower-knot in Bloomsbury; but it is quite as large as St. Francis's garden in the magnificent abbey of Aneisa, and larger than the little garden allotted to the friars and monks of that spacious and beautiful monastery, the Certosa of Pavia. It is in strict keeping with the order of things it is meant to represent: some few and fine flowers were struggling through the crusted earth, covered with dust, probably the *dernier rejeton* of the "seeds from Sunbury," sown by that hand, which, like them, is now itself but dust. The iron screen, though so carelessly passed by the uninitiated as an old gate, is nevertheless a fine copy from the tomb of Roger Niger, Bishop of London, in old St. Paul's; even the common-looking blue and white china vase, in the adjoining little cloister, which looks like an old cracked foot-pail of a lady's dressing-room, has its interest, in being the vase, on whose verge the "pensive Selina reclined," whose death is immortalized by the muse of Gray;† and the half-defaced bas-relief head in marble, inserted in the wall, though modern sight-seers scarce pause to look upon it, once riveted the enamoured eyes of Tasso: it is the portrait of the object of his love and his misfortune, Eleanor D'Este. The hall of the castle is small and gloomy, paved with tiles, and lighted by arched painted glass windows: its dimensions are in utter contradiction to the generally received ideas of Gothic halls, as taken from those described in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and her imitators; but Gothic apartments were not capacious. The royal chamber, where the Queen of Scots took her last supper, was scarcely larger than a modern clothes-press; and a hall, sixty by forty, in one of the finest old castles in England, "was deemed so spacious that, like a leviathan, it swallowed up all the other chambers." Even "the great old gallery at Woburn," was but a "bad room powdered with little stars," and low roofs, nests of closets, mural cabinets, and slips of galleries, were much more consonant to the manners of times when society only collected *en petits peletons*, under the influence of friendship or fear;—in modern days, on the contrary, every great

\* "In the gallery, I found myself quite at home, and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits."—*Correspondence of H. Walpole*.

† The first stanza of this ode is written on the vase,

"'Twas on this lofty vase's side," &c.

\* June 28th, 1825.

† "Yesterday I gave a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill to the Duke and Duchess, Lord Travestock and Lady Caroline, my Lord and Lady Gower, Lady Caroline Egerton, &c. &c. The first thing I asked Harry was, 'Does the sun shine?'"—*Correspondence of H. Walpole*.

\* Lady Stafford. "Madame de Mirepoix told me to her day, that she had known a daughter of the Countess of Grammont, an abbess in Lorraine, who, to the ambassador's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my Lady Stafford, whom I remember to have seen when I was a child. She used to live at Twickenham with my Lady Mary Wortley, and the Duke of Wharton lived there; she had more wit than both of them."—*Correspondence of H. Walpole*.

mansion must have a room large enough, at least, to hold its five hundred select friends, and halls for flambeaux and footmen, of proportionate dimensions.

On the left of the hall, (approached by a narrow passage, lighted by a painted glass window, with the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and the date 1567 carved in wood above it) is the Refectory, or "great parlour"—a great parlour thirty feet by twenty! Still this great parlour (scarcely large enough to serve for a *salon à boire* after dinner in a modern mansion) is quite as large as the *salas* of the old Lombardy castles, or as the *salles-à-manger* of the ancient chateaux of France. It has many interesting if not precious pictures; such as "the Conversation," by Reynolds, which represents the old library at Strawberry, and the group round the table in its centre, consisting of the witty George Selwyn, Lord Edgecomb, and Mr. Williams; the second Lady Walpole (the Moll Skerrett of Lady Mary Wortley Montague), as a shepherdess, and a group of the Waldegrave beauties. Here, too, beakers of Indian porcelain, pails of Chelsea china, and vases of Roman *faience* mingle their remote epochs in amicable confusion, against all rule and chronological *virtu*, while screens, worked and embroidered by celebrated connoisseurs, (though interesting to the noble owner, to whom so many of such tributes were presented) now only look like the rubbish furnished from the looms of the Minervas of a Paddington boarding-school to the parlours of their parents in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The ancient bellows and altar candlestick of the ante-room, have their own charms for the antiquarian, as Dryden's head and Cibber's bust possess for the dramatic amateur. The china closet at the first glimpse looks like anybody's china-closet, and, to the unlearned, is neither striking nor interesting; but to those who can trace in its little ceiling the roof of the pretty room at the Borghese Villa at Frascati, or a chimney-piece copied from an old window at the ancient seat of the Grimstones (Broadfield Hall, in Essex), it is not unimportant. Regiments of Worcester china bowls, phalanxes of Sevres mustard-pots, with cups, and dishes, and narrow-necked bottles, and wide-mouthed ewers, and mugs, and jugs, of no very striking appearance, are turned from with a sneer, by those who know not the history of this frail but venerable collection. But when cups have been painted by Pietro Cortona, and plates by Raffael, and dishes by Giulio Romano; when green-glass bottles turn out to be Roman lacrymatories, and a china figure to be Michael Angelo's Bacchus, then the China-closet becomes a precious museum; and one regrets that its dimmed stained glass windows do not throw more light upon treasures consecrated alike by the hand of time and of genius. The Yellow bed-chamber would be simply a yellow bed-chamber (an unbecoming colour, *par parenthèse*, for a "sleeping beauty," if a brunette, who should always choose *couleur de rose*), but for its pictures, among which those always amusing portraits (*pour le moins*) of the heroes and heroines of the Grammont memoirs, long detain spectators, who, like Walpole, and the writer of this sketch, have "the Grammont madness upon them."† The principal of these worthies is that modernly white-washed insolvent in morals, Charles the Second himself, with some half dozen of his own and his brother's sultanas, the Sedley, the Richmond, the Portsmouth, the Cleveland, the Churchill, and "Mistress Philadelphia Saunders." This group, nineteen in number, (Sacharissa excepted) made a part of the collection of Jervas, the friend and laureate painter of Pope.

The breakfast-parlour, with its hangings of blue and white paper, and its draperies of blue and white linen, has, according to the sumptuousness of modern furniture, a very ordinary appearance. But when its interesting miniatures catch the eye, its "Venitia Lady Digby, that extraordinary beauty of an extraordinary man," its Mary Lepell (Lady Hervey), its *belle des belles* (the Duchess de Montbazou), and its Princess Palatine (of Madame de Sévigné's letters), its unfortunate Earl of Essex, and its heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, with a score of other historical heads; then the little blue and white breakfast-room is lingered in with pleasure, and left with regret, even for the green closet, with its multitude of curious pictures, or for the great armoury, whose chief relic is the suit of mail worn by the great Earl of War-

† A phrase of Horace Walpole.

wick, when he marched upon Westminster Hall, in that happy epoch when parliaments were to be awed by a man in armour, and laws submitted to spears and quivers—the good old times!

The Library has all the antique caste and sombre colouring of a private room (once called closet) of the great men, and the studious ones of the middle ages. The books are ranged in pierced Gothic arches; the chimney-piece a tomb from Westminster Abbey; and shields, arms, and lozenges, fill up every corner. The pictures are curious and historical, and the fine old silver-gilt clock, the gift of Henry the Eighth to Anna Boleyn, presents a piece of ponderous gallantry, very different from the *bijou* or *or mou* (often a poem in design, a picture in combination) which a modern *merveilleux* offers to the object of his lukewarm devotions, showy and light as the times it represents, and the hours of her whose actions it does not govern. Among the rare books in the splendid collection of this fine library, "The book of the French portraits in the time of Francis the First," which belonged to Brantome, who has written in the precious pages, in his own precious autograph, the names of many of the original of the pictures, is the book!

The Star-Chamber! with its horrible name of fearful associations (the *boudoir* of the Stuarts, where, alas, their subjects *boudaient beaucoup*) the Star-Chamber of Strawberry is only an innocent little room, with green walls powdered with little stars, like a modern French paper. Its treasures consist of a fine collection of medals, and it leads by a "trunked ailed" passage to the Holbein Chamber, which looks like a pet-room of Catherine of Arragon; small, gloomy, and magnificent, with chairs from Glastonbury Abbey, and the red hat of her great enemy Wolsey, lying beside that royal-looking bed, whose velvet hangings and waving plumes put one in mind of the restless nights and uneasy dreams which the crowned heads who slept on such couches were wont to endure, when the heads themselves were never very sure upon the shoulders of the despots who bore them. There are too few pictures of the "great original" whose name gives interest to this room, to entitle it to such a distinction; what there are, however, are fine, and all the historical pictures are curious and interesting.

The Gallery, long and narrow, in spite of its ceiling from Henry the Eighth's Chapel, will remind the Italian traveller of the gallery in the royal palace at Turin. Its hangings of crimson damask have no better effect than the crimson damask paper of the present day. It has doors from the Abbey at St. Alban's, and recesses from the tomb of Archbishop Bouchier at Canterbury, and yet it is a light, splendid, and cheerful apartment. Its pictures, busts, &c. would fill a tolerably sized catalogue; and besides "Mrs. Keppel in white," and "Lady Dysart in pink," and an hundred other such rainbow-dressed "Cynthias of the minute," there are a number of the works of the best masters, particularly of Zuechero, Vandyke, Janssen, Poussin, &c.; but here, as in the whole collection, the pictures are more interesting as historical portraits, than rare or valuable as paintings, and many of them would curl the critical nose of the modern virtuosi, who, having posted through Italy, return to buy Rembrandts and Raphaels, manufactured for the markets at Amsterdam or the fairs of Leipsic.

The Round Room, which leads to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the edifice (the Tribune), is not to be passed through with careless glance or rapid step, like an ordinary ante-chamber. It has the merit of all the apartments of Strawberry, in offering an ample study to the antiquarian, or to the curious in the economy of furniture. Its chairs of Aubusson tapestry, its chimney-piece from the tomb of Edward the Confessor, its ceiling from old St. Paul's, and surbasses from the monument of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey, have each their specific merit and interest; while the wreck of Lady Betty Germaine's collection, and the plunder of Penshurst (from the apartments of Sidney "and Sidney's sister") have contributed largely to enrich and adorn it, and to awaken pleasant associations by its inspection. From the former, are the silver *chenets*, vases, and sconces, which ornament the chimney-piece; from the latter is the fine portrait, by Vandyke, of Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, and others.

Over the door is a most characteristic picture of Vandyke's celebrated love, "Mistress Lemon," painted *cor amore* by the enamoured artist; she represents Judith, and brandishes a sword, but

"There lurks more peril in those eyes,  
Than twenty of such swords."

Here, too, is Salvator Rosa's fine picture of Jacob travelling from Laban. Whatever was consecrated by the pencil of that great master was precious to the lord of Strawberry, who first acquired a knowledge and professed an adoration of his genius, while yet a boy in the gallery of his own paternal Houghton. When Lord Orford designed his tribune, he doubtless had the tribune of the Imperial gallery at Florence in his head. The tribune at Strawberry is, however, of a less simple form. It is a square, with semicircular recesses in the middle of each side, difficult to describe, but very effective to look at; its sober stone coloured walls are admirably relieved by its rich gold ornaments, and other splendid decorations of every kind, and every age in the history of the arts. The beautiful Gothic architecture of St. Alban's has furnished the models for its windows and niches; and its finely-fretted roof, borrowed from the Chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass, which throws a sort of Claude Lorraine tint over the whole precious apartment. Amidst a number of fine antique busts and statues, is raised a simple Gothic altar of black and gold; it is the tomb of the children of Edward the Third in Westminster Abbey, and its slab of black marble is covered with precious relics and *objets d'art* of every time and description, silver fillagree dishes, vases of amethyst, and sconces of agate, with carved ivory by Verskov; while a cabinet of rose-wood, with panels and sculpture by Germaine of Paris, curiously carved, rises above it, and contains one of the finest collections of enamels and miniatures perhaps in England: some are by Lens, Carlo Dolce, Boit, Zink, Groth, Isaac Oliver,\* Petitot, Lotard, &c.;—many are original portraits of the historical characters they represent, and others are fine copies from Luca Giordano, Vanloo, and Holbein; some set in the exquisitely little carved frames of Lejardé, and others mounted in brilliants or precious stones. Here, in the immortal bloom of enamel, still smiles the coarse but beautiful Cleveland, the intriguing but *piquante* Portsmouth, "Mistress Godfrey, of the York seraglio," and the lovely Countess d'Olonne (one of the heroines of De Retz's Memoirs) who had a seraglio of her own, though she is here represented as Diana. Here, too, leers and lours the royal *petit-maitre* of despotism, as he was wont to do at Versailles, in the midst of profligate mistresses and slavish courtiers—Louis the Fourteenth, surrounded by De Fontanges, De la Vallière, *et toute quante*; while the wives of England's Blue Beard are to be found with all their heads on; and the lovely Madame Mazarin, looking as if she had just escaped from St. Evremont's letters, accounts for the passion of the enamoured philosopher, in loveliness far more bewitching than regular. Vases, cups, and chalices, in gems, jewels, and crystals, the great seals of great kings, and the pretty *bijoux* of great ladies, fill up this beautiful *repertoire* of all that is precious and curious, with rings to satisfy an alderman's wife, and snuff-boxes in number and beauty *à faire crêver d'envie* Beau B, or Lord P; while vessels of wrought silver, and cups scooped out of amethysts, or set with brilliants, recall the treasures of the *guarda roba* of the Medici, when Benvenuto Cellini worked for their amusement, and had (as it sometimes fares with talent patronized by grandeur) his labour for his pains.† Pictures, lamps,

\* In no other collection is to be seen in any good preservation any number of the works of Isaac and Peter Oliver. I forget whether Raphael's exquisite misall, with its unique miniatures, is in this cabinet or in the library. Among the curious enamels is one of Charles the Second. It is in an old enamelled blue case, and is said to be one which he gave when in Holland to a young lady, to whom he stood godfather. In her extreme old age she sold it. There is another miniature of James the Second, when Duke of York, which is remarkable as being purchased at the sale of Mrs. Danet, daughter to his handsome bold-looking mistress, Mrs. Godfrey, of whom there is also a miniature, by Petitot. The most interesting among the historical miniatures of this fine collection are the clever Queen of Bohemia, the most gifted of all the Stuarts; Charles the First, by Petitot; Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, by Isaac Oliver; and Sir Anthony Shirley, in a dress half English, half Persian, done when he was ambassador from the Sophy to Persia.

† Among these the most striking are the Temptation of St.

and bronze room, and curiosity, closet adjoint part of the for that great of French (or rather of and associ chamber, acco royal canop and hung w by a carpet chairs of e too fine to covered with chimney is his children boy-husban Immediate which occa gallants of wards Duch the Second him at the been of the moineille St demoiselle placed near famous Mr harspichor gan' Opera performers. (Enclos.) tenon, long dem of the box, by B patriot Han King Jame "a silver- knows who and mark the collecte Beaulieu the accom bed-room, succession, character. many very reckoned titre of Go Clive, the —there is mother. I what Naple of curiosity and expect and it is wi through the and garden gate-piers, iam de Lu Seat, at the which is wi bel repose a poses. The oak, design is a chana. of Strawberry Anthony, by own Head by celebrated Co "See a de Painting." : Among (Bolton) as P. It is of th tres to look time of this Swadwich, d madmen (M Walpole. \* Strawberry hand of beau and Richm two latter st right as to se many years he I shall to much handso the turn. I st Albany lo



and bronzes, fill up every part of this interesting room, and one leaves it with dazzled eyes, and sated curiosity, by the sombre little passage and small closet adjoining, (full to stuffing, like every other part of the edifice, with objects of curiosity or art) for that great north bed-chamber, where the readers of French memoirs, and the adorers of Grammont, (or rather of Antoine Hamilton,) may feast their eyes and associations to satiety. The Great North bed-chamber, considered as a bed-chamber, is *en grand tenue*, according to the old style of magnificence; its royal canopied bed is plumed with ostrich feathers, and hung with rich tapestry of Aubusson, surrounded by a carpet of curious needlework, and flanked by chairs of ebony and gold, too heavy to move, and too fine to sit in. Its crimsoned damask walls are covered with the most precious portraits. Over the chimney is a great picture of Henry the Eighth, and his children; and a bust of Francis the Second, the boy-husband of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Immediately opposite to the bed stands that figure which occasioned so many sleepless nights to the gallants of Whitehall, "La belle Jennings," afterwards Duchess of Tyrconnel, whose *bon mot* to James the Second, when, as Lady Lieutenant, she received him at the Castle of Dublin, shows her not to have been of the order of stupid beauties, or like Made-moiselle Stuart, *aussi bête que belle*; her friend, Mademoiselle Hamilton, (Countess de Grammont,) is placed near her. There is also in this chamber an admirable group, the rehearsal of an opera, with the famous Mrs. Toft, the *prima donna* of her day, at the harpsichord. Its pendant is a scene from the 'Beggars' Opera,' by Hogarth, with portraits of original performers. The charming portraits of Ninon de l'Enclos, Hortense Mancini, and Madame de Maintenon, long detain the attention, even from the wonders of the "glass closet," where a silver perfume box, by Benvenuto Cellini, wedding gloves of the patriot Hampden's bride, and the trunked ones of King James, with Von Trump's tobacco-box, and a "silver-gilt apostle spoon," belonging to Lord knows who, offer a curious and heterogeneous variety, and mark the successful and arduous researches of the collector after all that was rare and old. The Beauclerc closet, dedicated to the elegant works of the accomplished Lady Diana Beauclerc, the round bed-room, and the great cloister, follow in sight-seeing succession, and each has its separate interest and character. In the second are some fine portraits, and many very pleasing ones; among the latter may be reckoned the portraits of Lady Suffolk, the mistress *titre* of George the Second, Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Clive, the tragic and comic muses of their time;—there is also a fine head of Oliver Cromwell's mother. But the Round Bed-room is to Strawberry what Naples is to the rest of Italy, the *ne plus ultra* of curiosity: attention is exhausted, eyes are dazzled, and expectation satiated by the time it is reached; and it is with a pleasure unspeakable that one passes through the great cloister, into the refreshing grounds and gardens, without even stopping to examine those gate-piers, which are taken from the tomb of William de Luda in the Cathedral of Ely. The Shell Seat, at the end of the pretty winding shaded walk, which is within view of the Gothic chapel, offers a *bel repos* after the fatigue which pleasure ever imposes. This shell seat is a very curious carving in oak, designed by the celebrated Bentley. The shell is a *chama*. Here the three Graces of the Paphos of Strawberry\* were wont to repose, to the delight of

their flattered and elegant host, who saw even his friends with the eye of an artist. There is but little in the grounds of Strawberry to detain the steps of the visitor, except its beautiful little Chapel in the garden: an edifice of as true Gothic taste and design, as its being copied, *à la rigueur*, from particular parts of the Cathedral of Salisbury and the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, can make it. The interior has all the character of the cells or oratories appertaining to churches or monasteries in Catholic countries:—its altar-piece and altar-pictures are curious from their antiquity; the beautiful windows of painted glass are emblazoned with saints, and arms, and the effigies of kings and queens, a superb shrine faces the door of entrance. In the front stands a superb crucifix, inlaid with mother-of-pearl: on either side, a King of France, and the Virgin Mary, in bronze and *faïence*, stand upon consoles. The story of the marvellous "trasferimento" of this 'holy house' is thus told on a tablet over the door:—The shrine in front was brought, in the year 1768, from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, when the new pavement was laid there. This shrine was erected in the year 1256, over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capocci and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. Such is Strawberry, the cabinet, the toy, the retreat of the gifted son of a great minister, whose talents, intellect, and observation, well fitted him to run the career of his ambitious father: and who, had he been an ambitious or an interested man, had eminent opportunities of indulging either passion to their fullest extent. 'I am unambitious, I am disinterested, but I am vain,' observes Mr. Walpole, in a letter to Lord Chatham. Into this frankly acknowledged foible, Strawberry Hill, and its precious collection, entered largely; but the vanity of possessing and showing-off this monument of his taste, and knowledge, and industry, and the objects of art they had gathered round him, did not blind Mr. Walpole to the incongruities of the whole, nor to the objections which the pedantry of *archivista* and the cant of criticism would eventually level at the *hoquet* of one who had shown so little mercy to the unfounded pretensions and presumptuous mediocrity of that numerically powerful body, in all communities, whose claims to distinction are unsupported by those endowments which should alone command it:—In a house, affecting not only obsolete architecture, but pretending to an observance of the costume even in the furniture, the mixture of modern portraits and French porcelain, and Greek and Roman sculpture, may seem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my home so gothic as to exclude convenience and modern luxury. But I do not mean to defend, by argument, a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and realize my own visions. Could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite: at least the prospect would recall the good humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of—as it was the scene that inspired—the author of *The Castle of Otranto*!"

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Earthquake has passed away, and given no sign; but, opportunely for the wonder-loving, the *Acarus galbanicus*, or *Acarus Crossi*, has come to life again. In 1837, the public were amused by an account of Mr. Crosse's creation of insects; for if, as insinuated by the cavillers and laughers, the ova of the insects were in the air, the water, the flannel, or the flints with which he experimented, there was no miracle—nothing very strange in the result. Mr. Crosse, however, judiciously let the subject drop. Now a Mr. Weekes, of Sandwich, figures in the same line; and a paper was read, at the last meeting of the Electrical Society, giving full particulars of his experiments, and their wondrous results.

Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings! Yesterday, 't'other more famous Gunning, Lady Coventry, dined there!"—*Correspondence of Horace Walpole*, Vol. II.

At the last meeting of the Graphic Society, we had the great pleasure to look over many of the lithographic drawings, prepared for a magnificent work about to be published by Mr. Gally Knight, 'On the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the time of Constantine to the 16th Century.' The drawings by different artists, have been lithographed under the superintendence, we believe, of Mr. G. Moore, and those we saw were admirable, both with regard to fidelity of detail and artistic effect.

For the benefit of students of the French language and literature, we may mention the completed publication by Messrs. Firmin Didot, of their Sequel to the Dictionary of the Academy, on which they have been engaged for the last seven years, and which, with the last edition of the Dictionary itself, form an invaluable synopsis and analysis of the national tongue. No dictionary of a language can faithfully represent it which is not, from time to time, enlarged, like that of the French Academy, to meet the expanding forms of the ever-growing original; and publications like this, which lend themselves freely to the plastic and shifting genius of a language, control while they yield, and restrain its excesses and extravagances, while they reflect its legitimate movement and development. Something more has been wanting, however, to render some very important phases of the modern tongue than the scheme of the Academy, though gradually expanding, has yet agreed to concede; and to its comprehensive view of the literary language of France, this new publication of Messrs. Didot adds the large body of scientific and technical terms, which the latter rejects as *special* in their application, and beside its purpose,—together with the obsolete and fading terms of the ancient tongue, and the neology of young France. It is, of course, difficult to decide where an authority, claiming to be magisterial and conservative, like that of the Academy, shall draw its line, in the execution of such a work as its Dictionary; and it is, as we have said, obvious that the line, however arbitrarily assigned, must be always a shifting one. But it is perhaps best for the purity and protection of a tongue, in the eternal tendency of all languages to run riot, that its entire Dictionary should be thus divided; that the grave and judicial body should be preceded by a pioneer like this, to lead the way over the debatable land of language, and collect and examine its titles, leaving the Academy to follow in its steps, and adopt within the recognized national pale such as it sees fit. In language, more than in all other things, long occupation makes a good and indefeasible title; and terms which a robed and learned body of Academicians would, on their first intrusion, have refused to admit, must have their cases reconsidered, and their claims finally allowed, on the ground of prescription.

We hear from Paris that M. Biot has resigned his functions as *Doyen* (Dean of the Faculty of Sciences), and that M. Dumas, Professor of Chemistry, and Member of the Institute, has been appointed to succeed him. The Art-gossip of the same capital mentions a commission given to M. Ruddle, the sculptor, by the Duc de Luynes, for the model of a statue of Louis XIII., to be cast in silver, and placed in the middle of the Hall of Louis XIII., which was painted by M. Ingres. M. Louis Richard, the artist by whom the gates of the Madeleine were cast, has undertaken this new work, at the price of 40,000 francs; and the pedestal, which is to be of bronze, will cost 15,000 francs more. A colossal statue of Henry IV., in white marble, by M. Riggi, the sculptor, destined to be erected in one of the public squares of Pau, the birthplace of that monarch, has just been placed in the centre of the quadrangle of the Louvre on a temporary pedestal.

Mlle. Rachel, having attained, with her majesty, the legal capacity of becoming a contracting party, has settled the terms on which she is about to become a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français. Her contract is to be for twenty years, from the 1st of April next, in each of which she is to have three months' leave of absence, and, during the other nine, engages to play not less than fifty-four times. Besides her share of the profits, she is to receive yearly 42,000 fr. (1,680*l.*) out of the government subsidy; and, should that fund be withdrawn, at any time, during the term of her co-partnership, she is to be at liberty to abandon the contract, unless the theatre shall choose to pay

\* Anthony, by Teniers, Soldiers at Cards, by Vandyke. His own head by himself, and a portrait of Frances Howard, the celebrated Countess of Essex, by Isaac Oliver.  
\* See a description of this piece in 'The Anecdotes of Painting.'  
\* Among these is Miss Fenton afterwards Duchess of Bolton as Polly.  
\* It is of this picture that Walpole says, "You see Ninon de l'Enclos look charming and she only looks tipsy." The tradition of this picture is, that Ninon herself gave it to Lady Randolph, daughter of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; her grandson (Miss Rae's Lord Sandwich,) gave it to Horace Walpole.  
\* Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos—it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury, dined there, and the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a Paphos as to see them all three sitting in the shell. A thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were, than they will be then. I shall say, Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the

her an equal yearly salary from its private resources.

We have to announce the death, at the early age of forty-five years, of M. Jouffroy, member of the Council of Public Instruction in Paris. M. Jouffroy was, besides, a member, in its Philosophical Section, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and also of the Chamber of Deputies. After twenty-seven years of his short life specially devoted to the business of instruction, the honourable poverty which he has bequeathed to his family, with his great name, has been recognised as a title on their behalf to the protection of the government which he served; and in the oration pronounced over his grave, by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Villemain pledged himself to watch over the children of his illustrious colleague,—and to the widow he has, already, assigned a pension of 2,000 francs. M. Cousin, of the Institute, has returned into the Council of Public Instruction, as successor of M. Jouffroy. Another vacancy has been created in the ranks of the French Academy, by the death of M. Roger; and the death of Baron Costaz takes one of its members from the Academy of Sciences. M. Parant, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, is dead, also in his fortieth year only:—and M. Guenepin, the architect, adds one more to the many losses so recently sustained by the Institute.—The widow of Mozart, too, is dead: it is to be feared the latter years of her life were passed in very narrow circumstances.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUTON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. 1829. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

CLOSE of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION preparatory to the EASTER HOLIDAYS.—The Public is respectfully informed that this Institution will be CLOSED from Monday the 21st Inst., to the following Saturday, both inclusive, in order to perfect arrangements for the RE-OPENING on EASTER MONDAY, when several attractive Novelties will be produced, including a FRESH SERIES of DISOLVING VIEWS, on an enlarged scale, with entirely new effects and beautiful Experiments, with the LARGEST ELECTRICAL MACHINE that has ever been made.

N.B. The present Series of Dissolving Views, Orrery, and Apparatus, by GARY, complete, for Sale.

The entrance to the Photographic Portrait Rooms, during the close, will be at No. 5, Cavendish-square.

ROBERT J. LONGBOTTOM, Secretary.

ON TUESDAY WILL BE OPENED, at the PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE, a newly-painted View of the BATTLE of WATERLOO, taken from accurate drawings made at the time, and plans obtained at Head Quarters, wherein are portrayed all the striking incidents of this the most sanguinary, eventful, and obstinately contested Battle of modern times. The Views of JERUSALEM and ST. JEAN D'ACRE remain open.

### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair.—A paper 'On the South of Westmoreland,' by Mr. D. Sharpe, was read.—The object of this memoir is to give an account of the Silurian rocks and old red sandstone of the south of Westmoreland; to define approximately their geographical boundaries; and to compare the formations with the equivalent deposits in other parts of the kingdom.

**Silurian Rocks.**—After referring to the labours of Prof. Sedgwick (see *Athen.* No. 557 and 736), Mr. J. Phillips and Mr. J. G. Marshall, the author describes the Silurian deposits under the heads of, 1, Coniston limestone; 2, Blue flagstone rocks; 3, Windermere rocks; and 4, Ludlow rocks. 1, *Coniston Limestone.*—This formation, the lowest examined by the author, consists of strata of hard, dark blue, slaty limestone, and of thin beds of dark brown shale, the former gradually diminishing in thickness as they ascend in the series, and disappearing towards the top of the deposit. Organic remains abound in some of the beds, and from their agreement in part, with species described in Mr. Murchison's work, the author places the Coniston limestone among the lower Silurian rocks, but without attempting to define its exact relative position. 2, *Blue Flagstone Rock.*—The shales of the preceding deposit pass upwards into dark blue flagstones, apparently destitute of organic remains. The beds agree in dip and strike with the strata of the Coniston limestone; and the faults which affect that formation extend into the flagstones. 3, *The Windermere Rocks.*—This great series is separated

by Mr. Sharpe into three divisions. The lowest, which succeeds conformably to the flagstones, consists of grey schistose grits and argillaceous slate, with occasionally thin beds of limestone; the middle, of hard argillaceous and gritty rocks, and beds of soft shale; and the uppermost, of hard purplish greywacke. No well defined organic remains were found in any part of the series by the author, but he alludes to the fossils discovered by Mr. Marshall in the lowest division, and described as belonging to lower Silurian species. Mr. Sharpe, nevertheless, declines placing the Windermere rocks on an exact parallel with any of the Silurian rocks of Mr. Murchison, but he points out their precise agreement with the lower members of the Denbighshire upper Silurian series described by the late Mr. Bowman. A line drawn from Coniston Waterhead to Lindale, a distance of twelve miles, would cross the whole of the strata at right angles to their strike, and though the same beds are considered by the author to be frequently repeated in parallel anticlinal ridges, yet the total thickness of the three divisions is estimated to exceed 5,000 feet. 4, *Ludlow Rocks.*—This series of strata is stated by Mr. Sharpe to rest unconformably on the middle and upper divisions of the Windermere rocks, and to be composed of hard, purplish gray, argillaceous deposits. It abounds with casts of shells, which mark the lines of stratification; and the thirty-four species, enumerated in the paper, are almost entirely assigned to testacea figured and described in Mr. Murchison's Silurian System, as Ludlow fossils. The author, however, does not place the Westmoreland beds on an exact parallel with any portion of the triple division of the Ludlow rocks of the border counties. The uppermost strata are shown to pass gradually into the tile-stone or bottom of the old red sandstone, which, Mr. Sharpe agrees in thinking, ought to be removed to the Ludlow rocks, seven of the fourteen species of shells, which occur in the tile-stones of Herefordshire having been found low in the Ludlow series of Westmoreland. As a further proof that this alteration ought to be made, Mr. Sharpe states, that where the old red sandstone rests on the Windermere rocks, the beds in question are wanting. The principal district, occupied by the formation, extends in a west and east direction from the neighbourhood of Kendal to the valley of the Lune, and in a north and south direction from Benson Knot nearly to Farleton Knot; and other patches of Ludlow rocks occur south-west and north-west of Kendal, and at the west base of Underbarrow Scar.

**Old Red Sandstone.**—This formation is stated to present, where best developed, the threefold division of loose conglomerates, red marls, and thin-bedded red sandstone, the last constituting the lowest part of the series. It is shown to occupy several detached districts, the principal of which is in the valley of the Lune, from the neighbourhood of Sedburgh to Kirby Lonsdale, where it expands to the north-westward, over an area of no great extent; it occurs also in the valleys of the Kent, Sprint, and Mint, and in the vicinity of Shap and Tebay. Mr. Sharpe considers, as probably belonging to the old red sandstone, the bed of brown gravel which covers the whole of the valley of the Lune to its junction with the Rathay.

**General Remarks.**—In comparing the Westmoreland strata with their equivalents in other parts of the kingdom, the author states, that the triple division of the old red sandstone, noticed above, agrees remarkably with that of Herefordshire, the only differences being the disintegrated state of the conglomerates, and the absence of the conistones. The gradual passage from the old red sandstone into the Ludlow rocks, is shown to coincide with the descriptions given by Mr. Murchison of the junction of the two formations in Herefordshire. The Ludlow rocks of Westmoreland are stated to resemble generally those of the border counties of England and Wales, but not to admit of a similar subdivision, owing to the absence of a representative of the Aymestry limestone, though they agree, as before observed, precisely with the Ludlow series of Denbighshire. With respect to the Windermere series, Mr. Sharpe makes no attempt, as already stated, to fix its precise geological position with reference to the divisions of Mr. Murchison, but he dwells upon the exact accordance in structure and succession of beds displayed by it, and

the lower portion of the upper Silurian strata of Denbighshire. The age assigned by Mr. Sharpe to the Coniston limestone has been given in a former part of this notice. The author then enters upon the inquiry respecting the principal epochs of disturbance of the Westmoreland strata, and he states at length his reasons for assigning the earliest period to the outburst of the Shap granite, which event, he conceives, took place subsequently to the deposition of the Windermere series; and, from the old red sandstone resting horizontally on the elevated rocks of Shap Fell, he infers, that that formation was accumulated after the disturbance consequent on the elevation of the granite. Further, he shows that all the faults which affect the old red sandstone, or any newer formation, are more modern than the outburst of the granite. Having thus defined, geologically, the epoch of that event, Mr. Sharpe proceeds to point out its effects. He conceives, that in the south of Westmoreland, the protrusion of the granite threw the strata of the Coniston limestone and Windermere rocks into their highly inclined position, and produced the great east and west faults around Coniston and Windermere, as well as in the Middleton and Casterton Fells, likewise the dislocations of the Coniston limestone, with their prolongation into the valleys of Coniston, Windermere, Kentmere, &c. The author observed no proof of the Ludlow rocks having been disturbed anterior to the deposition of the old red sandstone, but, he says, there is abundant evidence that both these formations were dislocated before the accumulation of the mountain limestone. Lastly, he adduces some instances of the successive elevation of hills in one direction, by forces acting at different periods.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Society was held on the 18th of February, when Mr. Murchison was re-elected President; and the following gentlemen the other officers for the ensuing year.—*Vice Presidents*, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Daubeny, Dr. Fitton, and Mr. Lyell. *Secretaries*, Mr. E. H. Bunbury, and Mr. Hamilton, M.P. *Foreign Secretary*, Mr. De la Beche. *Treasurer*, Mr. Taylor.—On announcing the award of the Wollaston Medal to M. von Buch, for the eminent services he has rendered to geology by his extraordinary and unremitting exertions during a long series of years, and for his recent researches in Palaeontology, Mr. Murchison said, "Since Geology has been a science, no individual has more successfully applied a powerful mind to its cultivation, or more liberally expended his private means in advancing its progress, than Leopold von Buch. The chief works by which his fame was reared are well known; but with the numberless memoirs, printed and published at his own charge, and gratuitously distributed, I regret to say, English geologists are by no means sufficiently acquainted; and justice cannot be rendered to him until the whole of his researches are brought before the public in a combined form. In the meantime, we offer our Medal to this distinguished man, to show that we seek to reward him not only for his acknowledged great works, but also for those efforts to advance science, with which many geologists are yet little conversant. Such, for instance, is the large Geological Map of Germany, including the Alps and adjacent regions, published without allusion to his name, and commonly known as the Map of Martin Schropp & Co.; a most remarkable production, whether we consider the date of its publication, or the expenditure of mind, labour, and money, which it must have cost the author. And although the result of these labours has since been improved upon by the efforts of several of his countrymen, among whom the names of Hoffmann and Dechen stand prominently forward, it is well to know that no one has more untiringly contributed new information to his younger friends than Von Buch. When a traveller myself at Berlin, upwards of two years ago, and lost in admiration at the progress which physical geography and geological maps were making in that metropolis, I was much surprised to learn that M. von Buch had in his possession an unpublished geological map of Bohemia, all, be it observed, worked out by his own patient observations on foot. Aware, from a former rapid survey of that country, that our knowledge of Bohemia was still very imperfect, I obtained from the author a coloured copy, which I first exhibited to the British

Association present to the Society, and I have since been enabled to present to the Society a copy of the rocks, which have been the mountain limbs applied lights over science? and that life, than which the subject of the vined then on true nature as a basis of normal certain mon in a review number of work who so important Transacti. Then follow America, bold. I may be able published cause, and Cou forming of by Gen. nains from von Buch to each ficial scri myself he the accu drawn from me, proof of the efficacy of strata. than eno the med age, and on our son von Buch thinker, who cast of our p in our c highest a fture of h Mr. M De la Be the satisf one int which I begged M Buch the continu long live entertain Mr. D experien mit the portance In ass to Mr. M The Cou to you t the past tion a tra you hav from the of very of geolog Woodw ture den sphere a more c mandated. wants h



Association at Glasgow (1840), and which I now present to the Geological Society. Again, after successfully developing, in the spirit of a true philosopher, the recondite phenomena of the metamorphism of rocks, by the most laborious pedestrian efforts, have we not seen that as years rolled on, and our veteran leader began to feel that the toil of gaining the mountain crest must soon pass from his own limbs to those of younger men, he has vigorously applied his mind to paleontology, and thrown new lights over this department of our many-headed science? No sooner did he grapple with the task, and that too when he had passed the meridian of life, than he displayed the same originality of mind which had marked all his previous inquiries. Subjecting the family of *ammonites* to revision, and convinced that their innumerable species were not founded on true natural distinctions, he took the lines of suture as a basis, and thereon established a limited number of normal or typical forms, each characteristic of certain strata. The family of *terobranchia*, so common in all the secondary strata, was next passed in review, and types were fixed upon, to which a number of slightly varying forms were referred,—a work which our French brethren have considered so important, that they have republished it in the *Transactions of the Geological Society of France*. Then followed his illustration of the fossils of South America, collected by his great countryman Humboldt. Whilst I merely enumerate these works, I may be allowed to say a few words respecting his last published volume, 'On the Fossils of Russia,' because, together with my associates, M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, I have had the means of forming an opinion of its value. Simply furnished by Gen. Tchekine with collections of organic remains from various parts of the Russian empire, M. von Buch, without ever visiting the country, assigned to each form he examined its position in the geological series. As the researches of my friends and myself have confirmed, to a very remarkable extent, the accuracy of the geological views of M. von Buch, drawn from such sources only, you will surely agree with me, that this work affords a most remarkable proof of the acumen of its author, and of the superior efficacy of organic remains, in identifying distant strata. But, gentlemen, I have already said more than enough to explain the grounds of the award of the medal to one of the leading characters of the age, and who has exercised so powerful an influence on our science. The substantial claims of Leopold von Buch are those of a profound and original thinker, and of a most enterprising field geologist, who casting new and broad lights upon the history of our planet, has gloriously toiled throughout life in our cause, and who, though justly loaded with the highest academic honours, is still continually putting forward fresh claims upon the admiration and gratitude of his associates."

Mr. Murchison then delivered the medal to Mr. De la Beche, the Foreign Secretary, and expressed the satisfaction he felt at placing it in the hands of one intimately acquainted with those researches, on which Leopold von Buch's chief fame rests: he begged Mr. De la Beche also to convey to M. von Buch the heartiest wishes of the Society, for the continuance of his good health, and that he may long live to call forth expressions of the deep sense entertained of the value of his labours.

Mr. De la Beche acknowledged the pleasure he experienced, in being officially called upon to transmit the medal; and he bore testimony to the importance of M. von Buch's long and arduous services.

In assigning the proceeds of the Wollaston Fund to Mr. Morris, the President said,—"Mr. Morris—The Council of the Geological Society have awarded to you the proceeds of the Wollaston Fund during the past year, to assist you in preparing for publication a table of British Organic Remains, in which you have been for some time engaged, and which, from the specimens laid before us, we believe will be of very great service in promoting the accurate study of geology. The value of the table of the late Mr. Woodward has been acknowledged; but his premature death having prevented him from enlarging its sphere as our science advanced, a new and much more comprehensive work has been urgently demanded. I rejoice that the task of meeting our wants has been undertaken by one well qualified,

like yourself, by diligent research, and a competent acquaintance with Natural History. Whilst in thus consulting your own wishes, the Council of the Geological Society is persuaded that they are acting in the very spirit of Wollaston's bequest, not treasuring up money parsimoniously, but expending it liberally upon the very fitting occasion which your ability and research have called forth."

Mr. Morris briefly expressed his deep sense of the honour conferred upon him, and his hopes that the work in which he is engaged will be found not unworthy of the attention of geologists.

**ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Anniversary Meeting.**—The President, the Right Hon. Lord Wrottesley, in the chair.

The Report of the Council was read. The Council congratulated the Members on the steady and progressive improvement of the Science, for the promotion and encouragement of which the Society was originally formed, and adverted to the many important works and experiments completed, or in progress, by different members. After announcing that the difficulties which seemed to lie in the way of the successful completion of the Cavendish Experiment, undertaken by Mr. Baily, had been removed, and that some important works, revised by Mr. Baily, and printed at his own expense, had been presented to the Society, and would form the thirteenth volume of its *Memoirs*, the Council paid a just tribute to the liberality and services of this gentleman. "Here," continued the Report, "though it may be unusual to refer to the incidents of private life, yet the Council are sure that this meeting would feel disappointed if some opportunity were not given to the members of the Society to congratulate each other, and Mr. Baily, upon his most welcome and providential escape from the consequences of one of those accidents to which the inhabitants of crowded cities are daily exposed: an accident which, as all present remember, almost removed all hope of recovery, and made it seem next to impossible that life, if spared, should have been again occupied in the promotion of knowledge, and least of all in active research. Seeing him once more among us, in perfect health of mind and body, and remembering how much more probable it lately appeared that we should now be commemorating his innumerable services to the Society than anticipating their continuance, the Council drop the subject with the expression of their earnest hope that a life preserved against all expectation may be preserved beyond all expectation, and that a distinguished career may yet await one of the earliest and most indefatigable friends of the Society." The Report adverted to the financial position of the Society: and it was stated that the expenses had been kept greatly within the annual income, and that the sum of 400*l.* 3 per cents, had, during the past year, been purchased out of a portion of the surplus. This sum, together with 500*l.* already in that fund, is available for any expenses of the Society, should it at any future time be required; and is totally distinct from the sum of 179*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* new 3 per cents, which are the regular investments of the compositions of members, from time to time, agreeably to the original regulation of the Society, and are never appropriated to current expenses. The Report of the Auditors was then read, and the following Fellows were elected to be of Council for the ensuing year:—

President, the Right Hon. Lord Wrottesley; Vice-Presidents, F. Baily, Esq., Rev. G. Fisher, Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., Rev. R. Sheepshanks, Treasurer, G. Bishop, Esq.; Secretaries, Rev. R. Main, M.A., R. W. Rothman, Esq., M.A.; Foreign Secretary, T. Gallowsay, Esq. Council, G. B. Airy, Esq., Rev. W. R. Dawes, Augustus De Morgan, Esq., Thomas Jones, Esq., John Lee, Esq., L.L.D., Major-General C. W. Pasley, R.E., Lieut. H. Raper, R.N., E. Riddle, Esq., Lieut. W. S. Stratford, R.N.; C. B. Vignoles, Esq.

Among the losses by death which the Society had suffered, the Council adverted to that of Mr. Frend, to whose 'Evening Amusements' we some short time since (No. 724) directed the attention of our readers; and we shall transfer the memoir to our pages, in justice to the memory of a man of great learning, benevolence, and integrity:—

\* William Frend was the son of George Frend, an alderman of Canterbury, in which city he was born,

November 22, 1757. He received his education in his native place, at the King's School; and, after staying some time at St. Omer, was placed in a mercantile house at Quebec; but the breaking out of the disturbances in America destroyed his commercial prospects, and he returned to England. His wishes being directed towards the Church, he was placed at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1775, and took the degree of B.A., with the honour of second wrangler, in 1780. After taking his degree, he almost immediately removed to Jesus College, of which he was elected fellow and tutor. In 1783 he was ordained, and afterwards obtained the living of Madingley, near Cambridge. In 1787, a change in his religious opinions took place, which ended in his adoption of the views of the Unitarians. The resignation of his living and the loss of the tutorship followed of course; but the laws of the University still allowed him to retain his fellowship. After some years of travel, he returned to Cambridge, and occupied himself further in the study of Hebrew and divinity. In 1793, a pamphlet, entitled *Peace and Union recommended to the Associated Bodies of Republicans and Anti-Republicans*, was published by him, which contained distinct expressions of dislike to the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church. Immediately upon the publication of this pamphlet, both his college and various members of the senate, commenced proceedings against Mr. Frend. The master and fellows of the former (by seven to four) 'removed' him from residence in college, until proof of 'good behaviour,' and this sentence was confirmed by the visitor. Thirty-four members of the senate cited the author of the pamphlet before the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. J. Milner), and a trial took place in his court, which lasted eight days. The result was, that a form of recantation was proposed to Mr. Frend, which he refused to sign; and sentence of 'banishment' from the University was passed. This banishment is not expulsion, as persons unacquainted with the University generally believe, but a deprivation of the right to reside within the limits of the University; and, accordingly, though the sentence was confirmed on appeal, Mr. Frend continued to hold his fellowship till his marriage, and remained to the day of his death a Master of Arts, and a member of Jesus College. He retired of course from Cambridge, and came to London, where he maintained himself till 1806, by adding the profits of teaching and writing to the income derived from his fellowship. When the Rock Life Assurance was founded (1806), Mr. Frend, who had previously been consulted in the formation, was appointed actuary of that company, a post in which he remained until a severe illness compelled him (in 1826) to retire from active life. His health, however, recovered, and he continued his mental employments with an activity very unusual at his age, until the beginning of the year 1840, when he was attacked by paralysis, under which he lingered with almost total loss of speech and motion, though with the smallest possible decay of mind or memory, until February 21 of the last year, when he closed a life which is regarded, even by those who differed from him, as a splendid example of honesty in the pursuit of truth, and of undaunted determination in the assertion of all that conscience required. The losses and inconveniences which attended his banishment from college were not among the greatest risks which he ran. At a subsequent period, when the political struggle was at its height, and government prosecutions were frequently directed against the mere expression of opinion, Mr. Frend was one of the foremost among the despised minority which advocated emancipation and enfranchisement for all who were under religious or political disqualifications. At the time of certain of the prosecutions alluded to, it was currently said, that had the government succeeded in obtaining convictions, there was an intention of instituting several more; and Mr. Frend, it was stated, was to have been one of the defendants. This supposition cannot now be verified, even if it were true; but the rumour itself constitutes its object one of the leading opponents of the system which has since been so materially modified. With his political writings, of which there were several, we have here nothing to do, any more than with those of a religious character. A true account of his scientific views cannot be easily given in a short space; nor can reasons for enlargement be

better given than in the description itself of these views. It generally happens that in recording the career of our departed members, we have little to say on their opinions, but only to specify the manner in which they carried them into practice; and small space may serve for great results. In the present instance we have to point out the singularities of thought which made Mr. Frend the last, we should suppose, of the learned Anti-Newtonians, and a noted opponent of all that distinguishes algebra from arithmetic. Opposition to the theory of gravitation must in future be left to those whose mechanics do not distinguish velocity from force; and the rejection of the distinctive principles of algebra to those who would teach like philosophers what they have learnt like schoolboys, without going through any intermediate stage. But the subject of the present Memoir stands in neither of these predicaments; and it would be highly interesting in itself, and no less than due to expiring tenets, to specify the probable influences under which such a mind as that of Mr. Frend directed him to stand quite alone among men of his philosophical acquirements; especially when it is considered that, up to the age of thirty-six, he had been a successful teacher of those scientific doctrines which he afterwards opposed, both by serious argument and ridicule. Undoubtedly the prime mover of this curious change was the alteration which took place in his doctrinal views of religion. Having been led to conclude that he had been betrayed by authority into the belief of propositions both inexplicable and false, the tendency to think that the inexplicable must be false, or at least to regard the former with strong suspicion, was a necessary ingredient of his future reflections on all subjects. The manner in which several leading doctrines of physics and mathematics had been handled by names of celebrity, was highly calculated to call out this disposition. The doctrine of attraction,—a mysterious connexion between matter and matter, with no existence but in its results; the theory of quantities less than nothing, a phrase which, arithmetically considered, is a simple contradiction of terms, were adopted at the time when Mr. Frend taught, in a most positive and substantive sense, by the majority of investigators and all elementary writers. It was in vain that Newton, obviously hoping for some further elucidation of his great regulator, concluded the *Principia* with a caution that he had not yet (*nondum*) found out the source of gravitation; his successors and commentators, with one voice, pronounced him the discoverer of the final mechanical cause of the planetary motions; and popular writers, who seldom refuse to say B when their leaders have said A, added that Newton had found out *why* water runs down hill. With respect to algebra, the matter was still worse. Euler asserted downright that a penniless man, fifty crowns in debt, has fifty crowns less than nothing; and offered proof. He assumes that a gift of fifty crowns would make this man richer; and supposing him to employ the gift in the payment of his debts, then concludes that he had less than nothing, because, being now richer than before, he has only nothing. Others admitted the negative and impossible quantities as mysteries, and, reversing Mr. Frend's process, brought them forward as auxiliaries to the mysteries of the orthodox forms of Christianity; a practice not extinct in our own day, even after all that was inexplicable about impossible quantities has disappeared. At the time when Mr. Frend first thought on the subject, the assertion of mystery was the escape from the confession of incompleteness; the great mass of readers followed with implicit confidence, while, of those who thought for themselves, an enormous majority was too sensible of the value of the results of algebra to abandon it on account of difficulties. Some few rejected the peculiar doctrines of algebra altogether; among whom those of most note, were, in succession, Robert Simpson, Baron Maseres, and Mr. Frend. Most of those who were independent of authority united in blaming the method of the elementary writings, and were content to hope that a palpable guide to truth would not always be without rational connexion with undeniable axioms. Woodhouse, the restorer of thought on first principles at Cambridge, in a letter to Baron Maseres, preserved among Mr. Frend's papers, and dated November 16, 1801, distinctly lays it down that, in these matters, it is not the principles which prove the conclusions,

but the truth of the conclusions which proves that there must, somewhere or other, be principles. "Whether or not," says he, "I have found a logic, by the rules of which operations with imaginary quantities are conducted, is not now the question; but surely this is evident, that, since they lead to right conclusions, they must have a logic." And he goes on thus: "Till the doctrines of negative and imaginary quantities are better taught than they are at present taught in the University of Cambridge, I agree with you that they had better not be taught; and the plan of our system of mathematical education, much as it is praised, needs, in my opinion, considerable alteration and reform; and perhaps you think that our late mathematical publications will not much increase the love or improve the taste for luminous and strict deduction." As concerns the mystics, then, there is no need to object to Mr. Frend's entire abandonment of their principles, but the reverse; for it may be asserted that most of those who thought about first principles did the same. Those who imposed on matter, in the name of Newton, a primary power of attracting other matter, with those who could, on their own definitions, be made to say that a command to subtract 2, repeated as many times as there are units in a command to subtract 3, gives a command to add 6, ought to have been surprised that they found so little opposition. But the circumstance relative to Mr. Frend's ultimate views which is peculiar to himself, and which cannot be remembered without surprise, is, that in clearing the trammels of mystery he had to force so thick an inclosure, that he left behind him not only the mysterious explanation, but the very facts which were professed to be explained, and which, it may be thought, could have admitted of no doubt. It seems to any one who reads his writings, that he means that Newton had done nothing out of mathematics, and that the results of algebra are all delusion. That the planets, attraction or no attraction, move about the sun, and are disturbed, precisely as it would be if there were attraction; that the truth of an equation, though produced by aid of impossible quantities, may be verified by numerical computation—may be made purely experimental realities, and would, to most minds as well acquainted with the subject as that of Mr. Frend, remain true, even though attraction were the atheism which some formerly called it, and the doctrine of negative quantities were a part of the black art. Nor would it have been wonderful if he had rejected incomplete explanations in elementary writing, the object of which is to teach clear results of clear principles. But there was more than this: sometimes, though rarely, he seemed to have a power of admitting the facts as facts; but for the most part, when they were presented to him in conversation, his mind did not appear capable of dwelling on them long enough to decide whether an answer was required or not; they seemed to slip like water through a sieve. In this there was neither affectation nor evasion; it was a peculiar state of mind with regard to what could be contemplated as a scientific truth, and may be partly explained. Mr. Frend had an admiration of simplicity, and an indisposition to arrive at complex results, which was perhaps a consequence of the desire to have no secret in philosophy. Next to the abandonment of all that was difficult to explain, followed the practical rejection of everything in which the mind could not hold the full explanation at once before itself, in all its parts. The simple theory of numbers, that is, of integer numbers, was therefore naturally a favourite study; and this branch of mathematics is well known to be an extremely powerful stimulant of that disposition which leads to its pursuit. Legendre has said that it almost always becomes a species of passion with those who give themselves to it at all. With Mr. Frend it went still farther; an equation with a fractional root, even if commensurable, was a pseudo-equation; and  $x^2 + y^2 = 1$ , and  $y$  being rational fractions, was an illegitimate child of  $x^2 + y^2 = z^2$ ,  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$  being integers. In this particular Mr. Frend differed greatly from another remarkable person, his own most intimate friend, Baron Maseres, whose leading idea it seems to have been to calculate more decimal places than any one would want, and to reprint the works of all who had done the same thing. There was also another peculiar circumstance which no doubt

had considerable effect. Mr. Frend had studied Hebrew thoroughly, and was, in the opinion of learned Jews, better versed in that language than any English Christian of his day. No one who became acquainted with him could along avoid noticing the interest which he took in every matter directly or indirectly concerning the history and progress of Christianity. This knowledge of their language, history, and customs, with a community of opinion on the nature of the Deity, led him much into the acquaintance of his elder brethren, as he frequently termed them, of the Jewish race; and he would have held any biography of himself very imperfect which omitted to note how strongly he felt toward their persuasion. It seldom happens that any person devotes himself so keenly to any history without imbibing some opinion of the superiority of its subjects; and Mr. Frend carried to the very verge of paradox, or it may be a little beyond, the notion that the mathematical and astronomical science of ancient Judea was substantially equal at least to that of any period of modern Europe, not excepting the present. Their lunar calendar was as good as if it had been made from modern observations, and much better adapted to represent a long period than any other: as much of pure mathematics as any one ought to admit flourished among them in the time of Solomon. It is needless to say, that not a vestige of historical evidence was ever produced in favour of these opinions, nor did we ever hear of any modern Jew who had carried his notions of the learning of his ancestors to such a length. Among modern nations, Mr. Frend had a peculiar respect for the Chinese, and was impressed with the opinion (not by any means peculiar to himself) that their government and social state is a model. The rudiments of science which he found among these nations, the ancient Hebrews and the modern Chinese, were easily magnified by his temperament, which was both sanguine and contemplative, into as much of astronomy and arithmetic as he had been able to save from the pollution of attraction and negative quantities; consequently, these countries were the depositories of real science, uncorrupted by sophistry. For the ancient Greeks and their writings he had as open contempt: they were children who had learned of the Jews, and spoiled their masters' doctrines: the good was due to their teachers, the bad was their own. All this time, and in the midst of such strange singularities of opinion as were never long absent from his mind, there was an eagerness to see the good of everything actually present, which made his approbation very easy to gain. No one who talked with him could soon fathom the wide difference of sentiment between the two; for whatever might be the subject, there was a side on which it could be favourably viewed; and for that side Mr. Frend's mind, or that part of it which regulated his first expressions, had the quality (we must not say the attraction) of a magnet. His persuasion of the rapid advances which his contemporaries were making in morals, arts, and even sciences (however corrupted), was a spring of comfort to his age which never ran dry; and his interest in everything new, which promised improvement to any class of mankind, in any one of those particulars, was, even after he was unable to speak or move, a commanding instinct, which he could not have disobeyed if he would. This unvarying effort to detect good in whatever came before him was essentially linked to his religious feelings, the source of his daily comfort, by the view which he never ceased to take of the ultimate consequences of Christianity; which he looked upon as the gradual restorer of mankind to a state of perfect goodness and knowledge. Every advance in art, learning, or science,—every amelioration of social evils,—every improvement in the law,—every evidence, however slight, of disposition to act, think, or hope, for the better, brought before him his cherished prospect of the final state of mankind, and was, in his opinion, only a step towards it. The consequence was, that any one who would wish to describe his age, must simply invert each and all of the characteristics which Horace makes significant of the advanced periods

† "Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quid Querit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timent uti. Vel quod res omnes timide gelidique ministrat Dilator, spe longius, iners, avidusque futuri, Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti, Se pueri, censor castigatque minorum."

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of life. Mr. Frend's scientific writings were particularly distinguished by simplicity and earnestness. The greater part of the whole consists in short pamphlets, or communications to periodical publications; and many proofs might be given, both of the extreme importance he attached to truth, and of his conviction that error, even in matters of science, is a noxious weed in the field of morals. His principal distinct writings on subjects of science are his *Algebra* (Part i. 1796, Part ii. 1799), and his *Evening Amusements* (1804-1822). The latter was an astronomical elementary work of a new character, which had great success; and the earlier numbers went through several editions. It embraces a metonic cycle, and therefore describes the places of the moon, in a manner which would make it useful for a considerable time to come, in the elementary instruction for which it was intended. This present year is that which answers to 1804, so that the opportunity to repeat the process of instruction, so far as the moon is concerned, has just commenced. The phenomena of the different months are described, and to each month is usually attached a short religious reflection, an account of some astronomical process or discovery, a hit at the Newtonian philosophy, or some such preface. We do not see much acquaintance with the new doctrines of physics, which had then excited attention for some years; but it must be remembered that a man who took his degree at Cambridge in 1780, had very little training in experimental deduction apart from mathematics. Mr. Frend's scientific peculiarities strongly illustrate what those who have carefully considered the reading of that time will perhaps think to be the natural consequence of it, upon an exceedingly honest, clear, and decided mind, placed in circumstances favourable to the development of opposition. The Cambridge student was isolated from experimental physics by the habits of his university, and from the progress of mathematics by its adherence to the fluxional notation. In essentials, the academic system was nearer to what it might have been at the death of Newton than those who now see its state could readily imagine to be possible: the theory of gravitation was taken wholly and solely from the *Principia*; no Englishman had made the smallest addition to it; and Clairaut, D'Alembert, &c. were only known by name as *French philosophers*, the most odious appellation of the time. One question might be asked which would, perhaps, add some force to the preceding remarks, if reasons for an answer were sought:—How came the men of science, who were bred at our English universities, to let Priestley, whose life was one turmoil of controversy, and who visibly must have written four pages a-day, or thereabouts, of theological discussion during his whole experimental career, run off with such a splendid portion of the first-fruits of real chemistry? The other work of Mr. Frend, his *Elements of Algebra*, will lead every one who peruses it to think, with sincere regret, of his having preferred rejection to amendment; and will be a lesson to writers yet to come, that they should let that stand which appears to lead to truth, whatever warning they may think it necessary to give that the reason why it does so lead is imperfectly understood. It is, on the points which it treats, the clearest book in our language. Something of this is due to the rejection of difficulty; something to the use of no problems except those which can be answered in integers; but there remains enough to show that a work from such a writer, which should have taken algebra as it stood, distinguishing the part of which the logic was then complete from that of which the principles remained insufficiently understood, would have been the most valuable present which could have been made to the elementary student, and would, perhaps, have greatly accelerated the transition to the present state of the science, in which none need find a mystery. In all probability, the attack of Mr. Frend did materially influence this result. Among his papers is preserved a letter to him from M. Buec, a Frenchman residing in England, dated June 21, 1801, containing the form in which the perusal of Mr. Frend's work made the writer put together his own views of the subject; and admirably expressed. Of course it cannot be said how much suggestion was derived from the necessity of replying to specific objections: what is certain is, that in a few years from that time, this same M. Buec

was, though in an imperfect manner, what Dr. Peacock calls the first formal maintainer of that exposition which removes the long standing difficulty. Finally, whatever may be our opinion on the peculiarities of Mr. Frend's views, we must remember with high satisfaction that he was, during the last years of his life, one of our Fellows; and, also, that no narrow idea of the necessity of conformity of opinion prevented a man of his intellectual station from being called to the Council of the Society. The sincere regret with which the Council announces the loss which our body has sustained is materially lessened by the reflection that his extensive learning, practical wisdom in the affairs of life, chivalrous assertion of all that he thought true, and extraordinary benevolence of feeling, were permitted a long and useful career, terminated only by natural decay, and followed by the love of many, and the respect of all."

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—*March 15.*—The President in the chair.—The proceedings commenced with a renewal of the discussion upon Kyanizing timber, in the course of which, a Member described some experiments made since the last meeting; the result was, that at a pressure equal to 120 fathoms, a piece of Memel timber had absorbed as much water as doubled its original weight. Another Member produced some specimens of Kyanized timber, which had been prepared in 1838, 1839, and 1840; they were all in progressive stages of decay. A new process, patented by Mr. Payne, of filling up the pores of timber with various substances, so as to render it almost like stone, and perfectly incombustible, was mentioned: as was also Dr. Bourchiere's system of saturating timber with various metallic salts, &c., by means of the capillary action going on within the sap vessels of trees, as long as vegetable life remains. In the course of the discussion, it was elicited that this system had been patented by Mr. Bethell as long ago as 1838, and that the specification of Dr. Bourchiere's patent was almost a literal copy of Mr. Bethell's. The system had not been carried forward in this country, because it was found too expensive. Mr. Bethell's system of saturating timber with the oil of coal tar, as practised for the Bristol and Exeter and other railways, was fully described, and appeared to be attended with perfect success. A gentleman connected with the Anti-Dry Rot Company attributed the failure of Kyan's system in many instances to carelessness in the preparation, or the too sparing use of the corrosive sublimate. A letter was read from Mr. Davison, describing some remarkable specimens of timber which had been destroyed by the *Teredo navalis*, and also some insects preserved in spirits. Two papers were then read, descriptive of 'An Iron Bridge on the Eastern Counties Railway,' by Mr. Dobson; and 'The Roof over Messrs. Simpson's Factory at Pimlico,' by Mr. Boustead. Much ingenuity was displayed in the construction and the combination of the materials of the roof and bridge, and the drawings illustrated them very clearly.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—*March 16.*—B. Rotch, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The first subject brought under consideration was, Mr. E. Solly, jun.'s Mode of Regulating the Heat of Flues. He called attention to the number of accidents that constantly occur from over-heated flues, and the great importance of devising some means for preventing their recurrence in future. He stated, that these accidents were mainly owing to the flues being carried close to, and in some instances through woodwork, under the idea that they would never get heated beyond a certain point. Experience having shown the fallacy of this supposition, Mr. Solly proposed to avail himself of fusible metal. The plan he had adopted was, to bring round, and in contact with the flue a strip of the metal, and to attach to it the spring of an alarm bell, so as to go off on the melting of the metal. The degree of heat at which the bell should ring, to be regulated by the composition of the metal, from 200° Fahr. to any limit that might be thought desirable, and thus a succession of warnings might be given, should the heat of the flue go on increasing. Another useful application of fusible metal to stores, and which as well as the flue alarm, was illustrated by working models, consisted in passing a strip of the metal over the projecting handle of a stove-door, and by a

connecting wire, keeping the ash-pit door partially open, so as to allow a large draught for a short time after putting on fresh fuel. The stove may thus be left in perfect safety, for as the fire burns up, the metal gives way, the ash-pit door closes, and leaves the future admission of air to the ordinary valve. The expense is very trifling, and the plan so simple, as to be in the power of any one to put in practice.

The next subject was, a new Danger Signal for Railways, explained by Mr. Rotch. All signals addressed to the eye, are liable to be obscured by fogs, and require constant attention on the part of the engine-driver. It is not so with signals addressed to the ear. The plan therefore proposed was, to provide for the various stations, and for the guard of each train, a light wooden arm, or trigger, which, on being placed on any quarter mile post fitted to receive it, and gauged to the rails, will, as a train passes, lift the handle of the steam whistle, and thus give the driver notice at once to stop the engine: so that if part of a train should be separated from the rest, the guard will only have to return to the quarter mile post last passed, and put up the trigger, which will give notice of danger to the next coming train in time to stop. In the same way the officers at a station, wishing to stop a train, have only to send a man with a trigger to any quarter mile post, where it is desired a train should be stopped, instead of the present imperfect plans now in use. One advantage of this plan over any yet proposed is, that it puts it out of the power of any ill-disposed persons to give false alarms, as the triggers must be accurately gauged to lift the handle. Some reports of committees were then read, and several new members proposed.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Asiatic Society, 2, P.M.
- Westminster Medical Society, 8.
- MON. Statistical Society, 8.
- Royal Academy.—Sculpture.
- TUES. Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Turbine,' by Prof. Gordon.—'On a Constant Indicator for registering the work of Steam-Engines,' by Professor Mosely.
- Zoological Society, 8.—Scientific Business.
- WED. Geological Society, 8.—'On the Turbine,' by Prof. Gordon.—'On a Constant Indicator for registering the work of Steam-Engines,' by Professor Mosely.
- Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. F. Talbot's 'New Patent Calotype process for taking Portraits by the agency of Light,' by Mr. Collen.—Mr. Rand's 'Collapsible Metallic Tubes for preserving Paint and other fluids,'—Mr. Thompson's 'Patent Alarm Clock.'
- College of Physicians, 8.—Lumleian Lecture.
- THUR. Numismatic Society, 7.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Royal Academy.—Painting.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### ENGLISH VOCAL MUSIC.—NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The musical publishers appear to be as busy as the literary ones are idle; or it is possible that they are seeking a more extensive circulation for their wares, than was attainable by their old exclusive system of paragraph and puffery; or peradventure, they are beginning to find that the straightforward policy of the *Athenæum* (if such commendation be permitted) is not without its worth. Certain it is, that our table is loaded: to the point, at which selection becomes necessary, if we would fairly examine such works as are worthy of notice.

The new publications of which we shall here speak, are, all of them, vocal. Taken collectively, besides throwing a light on the present direction of English taste, they are suggestive, as marking features and deficiencies in that much-talked of, and little understood thing, the English school of music. For instance, it has been impossible to peruse the recent publication of the *Musical Antiquarian Society*—Orlando Gibbons' first set of Madrigals, edited by Sir George Smart,—without more speculations being awakened than merely belong to the rich chords and stately progressions of the grand old contrapuntist. The treatment of the words is curious and significant. They will be found easier to sing, crabbed and unfit for music as some of them are, than those of most modern compositions, from the manner in which the composer has subjected himself to the accentuation, making the musical phrase follow the spoken sound at the expense of obvious rhythm. In the very first madrigal, 'The Silver Swan,' the respective lengths, values, and situations in the bar of the notes given to the words "Leaning her breast," will illustrate what we mean, and lead the curious to the hundred other examples of identity betwixt the sung and spoken time of the words, which these madrigals contain. On hearing some of them executed, the student may for a while be sorely puzzled as to *tempo*, so

completely is the consequence of such rigid adaptation, want of accent and rhythm. Now, if our remarks be true, do we not at once find in the peculiarities of our language, a reason for that generic imperfection in time which distinguishes the English singer and the English instrumentalist?—one cause of all the draggings and drawings which disfigure the hardly extinct school of ballad-singers, whose mal-practices pushed into a languid and characterless sickness the quite extinct school of ballad-opera writers? Even Purcell, the most rhythmical of our own composers, and he who best understood the genius of the English language, was compelled frequently to dislocate his text, when a decided musical rhythm denied him the use of pauses or accelerations: we need but recall the well known line from his superb cantata, 'From rosy bowers':—

Or if more in flu- | -en- | -cing.

It by no means follows that these difficulties, standing in the way of any English composer wishing to give mark and colour to his music, and still to respect his text, are insurmountable. They have been caused as much by the ignorance and arrogance of the poet, as by the intrinsic ungraciousness of the language. It is not merely in the cast of his thoughts that the rhymester should recollect he is but a collaborator when writing for music,—it is in the length of his phrases, it is in the adjustment of his accents, it is in the rejection of all harsh and discordant sounds and syllables. Our own mother tongue is more plastic than the Johnsons and Searles knew. We had occasion some years since to point to 'Hudibras' as a consummate effort in versification. It is by a study of such specimens,—by an analysis of the positions words may assume,—joined with some practical musical knowledge, that the English writer can qualify himself for the English composer; and the latter, for the formation of a school, which shall have better characteristics than the absence of all marked feature. Nor let it be thought that we are imposing trammels impossible to move in with freedom and grace. What says Wordsworth, *apropos* of the Sonnet,—the construction of which, however arbitrary, has not precluded the highest poetical merit?—

In truth the prison unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is.

Without some such thorough and systematic mastery over form, nothing complete and systematical is attained in Art.

The mention of one of our Fathers in sacred music—Orlando being far more eminent as an anthem writer than as a madrigalist—is but an unhappy preparation for much of the so-called serious music, destined for the use of Queen Victoria's churches and chapels. Too many of the latter, alas! are still provided with their psalmody on Rowland Hill's principle, of taking the lilt and lamentations of Vauxhall Emmas and Covent Garden Henrys, and tying them to words of thanksgiving or penitence. In the frivolity—we must add, the vulgarity—of its selections, *The Union Tune Book* before us does not sin so largely as some of its family; yet it is not clear of offence. How much, for instance, is implied by that "word of fear," *arrangement!* Corelli dressed up by —! Handel's mighty harmonies changed by —! Some of the new compositions are satisfactory: grave, solemn, and tuneful; but others would puzzle the Sphinx—such as No. 290, where, in four lines, are no less than three changes of tempo; or No. 200, with its long final division on the word *me-e-e*; or No. 235, a fair specimen of the old-fashioned *gavotte*. It is the spirit of Dissent to criticise severely Catholic art; to point to the secular beauty of its contours, the richness of its purple and gold phylacteries, the grotesque of its fantasies, as things too presumptuous and irrelevant to deserve admission into God's temple. To venture a simile, are they not far too apt to turn out Saints and Madonnas, and to stick up modern dolls of the chapel-milliner's own bungling invention,—at least as regards Music?

A far worthier work of the same serious family, is *The Christian Month: a series of Original Hymns adapted from the Daily Psalms*, the poetry by the Rev. W. Palin, the music by Miss Mounsey.—All that this lady has published is calculated to produce a favourable impression of her talent, industry, and

taste. Her music is solid without pedantry, and simple without meagreness. Some of the hymns are very sweet; and one or two among the chants might pass muster in very solemn company. But, wherefore has she wasted so much time on such indifferent text, when Heber's hymns, and half a hundred other better specimens, were before her? The very first page to which we stumbled opens with this portentous couplet:—

Ye mighty of earth! let your of-fo-rings be,  
To him who rules heav'n, and is mightier than ye.

And again, p. 9:—

Mortals! why lust ye for earthly state?

Oh! why do ye envy the jo-ten-fate!

To point to the prosaic baldness of these lines is not necessary. Musically, they are worse than ineligible.

We must here pause for awhile, ere entering upon the consideration of several Songs, too carefully written to be dismissed in a paragraph.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—It seems to be held as a matter of necessity, that no novelty of interest should be introduced at the first Philharmonic concert. Hence, though well authenticated rumours promise us a new symphony by Spohr for two orchestras, a new symphony by Molique, a new symphony by Mendelssohn, and the last-named composer's presence at two of the concerts, the programme of Monday was arranged exactly as if "no enterprise" was to be the order of the season. The first symphony, by Andreas Romberg, ought not to have been presented to an audience so fastidious as to reject the writings of the Lachners and Marschners of modern Germany. Beyond clever mediocrity it does not rise; and if we are to have this, who would not prefer the works of experimentalists, to those of a set of writers who got no farther than safe imitations of Mozart and Haydn? And yet our principles of encouragement to the moderns were doomed to receive a shock on Monday, in Lindpaintner's overture to "Faust," which closed Part the First, to the exasperation of all the old subscribers. Crude learning and frivolous phrases, the screech of recedite discords, and the jingle of *galoppe-like* melodies, were so incoherently combined in it, that we could not but lament over so signal a waste of time and talent as it displayed. Apart from Beethoven's poem in a flat, (for Beethoven's symphonies are poems or dramas,) the most interesting orchestral piece of the evening was Hummel's fantasia on the Indian air introduced into Weber's "Oberon,"—a fine picturesque work,—keeping the promise of its title; and not concocted after the fashion of modern fantasies, nine-tenths of which are thrown off by presumptuous charlatany, to conceal the want of fantasy, by a foolish and fragmentary incoherence. The piano-forte and orchestral parts are interwoven with consummate skill; the former was given by Madame Dulcken with more than her usual force, neatness, and brilliancy. The singing was excellent: we cannot stop to praise Miss Kemble, having occasion to descend upon her power over classical music in another place; but we must credit Miss Hawes, with the honour due to her stately delivery of an "Amplius" by Ciampi, and commend Mr. Stretton for his careful and finished delivery of an air by Lindpaintner, more winning than that composer's overture, but still ponderous and uninteresting. Sir George Smart conducted, and Mr. F. Cramer led the orchestra, which was in tolerable,—though not in delicate—order.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—'Giselle' is, we think, the most graceful *ballet* which has been given in London since the days of 'La Sylphide,' and only less exquisite than the latter, because it is a further specimen of the same class of subjects. Adam's airs are pretty and *piquant*; the very music for dancers. Madame Carlotta Grisi Perrot has ripened from a promising beginner into a highly-finished artist, whose astonishing *pas* and aerial flights are combined with all those less perceptible subtleties and graces so hard to acquire, but the want of which in more than one far-famed dancer, to go no further than Cerrito, makes us often withhold praise, in spite of the plaudits of those less heedful of the filling up of the picture than ourselves. What Perrot is, for buoyant elasticity, all London knows. Mdlle. Fleury is newer, and performs her sovereignty over the disembodied spirits who haunt the flower-wreathed cemetery, with grace and

discretion. The *corps de ballet* generally is more neatly dressed, and gracefully trained than we have had it for many seasons; the scenery, by the Grievens, beautiful; and the "properties" of roses and reeds, which fill the garden, and quiver by the lake side, under the feet of the passing spirits, are very nearly as good as the realities.

No one can be at a loss to understand why we give such a *ballet* as this precedence over the opera, before Easter. Yet we recollect many exhibitions in the full season worse than the 'Gemma di Vergy' of Donizetti, as now given.—Passing the music, as in composer's feeblest, and the story, as one of the most improbable and sickly which ever came out of the brain of enervated *libretto-monger*—we come to Mdlle. Molteni, a pleasing looking *soprano* with an agreeable voice, fairly trained, and some intelligence as an actress. As a *seconda donna*, she is an acceptable addition. The claims and merits of Signor Guasco are far higher. His tenor voice is "a true thing"—an organ of legitimate register, though neither strong nor extensive, of a manly quality, and hence far welcome than one of those unnatural combinations of tremulous lower notes and feminine *falsetto*, which it has been the tendency of Rubini's magnificent but dangerous example to encourage. Such a voice, too, deserves full honour, when belonging to an artist, who, like Signor Guasco, knows how to use it; and who endeavours, as he obviously does, to illustrate its "passion and power," by appropriate action. His forte, however,—as far as 'Gemma' enables us to judge—will be found rather in sweet than in energetic passages and parts. Signor Santi, the provisional *basso cantante*, will be heard of no more, we suspect, after this evening; hence on the principle of "letting by-gones be by-gones," we will pass him by. Signor Panzini, another novelty, may fill up a quintet of the modern school harmlessly,—but nothing more. The orchestra is now superb; and the chorus improved, though still too circular in its disposition, and too statue-like in its utter renunciation of stage business.—In place of the paint and paper *not* promised by us last Saturday—the new lessee has expended a trifle in red calico and yellow fringe: so that the interior of the house has now the dingy tawdriness of an African marigold. The arrangements of stalls, pit, &c. &c., remain as they were.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—'The Marriage of Figaro,' as represented on Tuesday last, is one of the most complete dramatic musical exhibitions we recollect to have witnessed in England. The text of Mozart, as given by the Germans, is adhered to, without any other "yea" or "nay" than the omission of the two ineffective songs for *Marcellina* and *Basilio* which open the fifth act; and the tempo of the Germans, (a thing mistaken by Italian conductors,) is insured by M. Benedict's direction. But though, owing to the recitative being spoken not sung, we compare this performance with one of the 'Hochzeit,' not 'Le Nozze,' we cannot but add, that the parallel holds good no further,—inasmuch as the English version could not appear to better advantage than by being measured against such a German performance as the one over which we lamented in the 708th number of the *Athenæum*. We must not be understood to say that Mr. Leffler's *Figaro*, clever and lively though it be, approaches the *Figaro* of that arch-boss Herr Staudigl; but, with that solitary reserve, every other part is better filled by the English singers and actors; and the music of combination goes with greater smoothness, without the sacrifice of one point of expression. Miss Kemble's performance of *Isabella* is one which must silence for ever all questions as to the soundness of her musical attainments. From first scene to *finale*, every note had not only been studied, but was felt, according to its classical meaning; nor could vocal finish and fulness of expression combined go further than in her execution of 'Voi chi sapete,' and that yet more exquisite 'Deh, vieni, non tardar,' in the last scene; a breathing of love and expectation far better fitted to Juliet, than the *camerista* of jealous *Almaviva's* lady; but Mozart worked out all his vein of *badinage* in 'Il Seraglio,' and hence, the spirit of his composition is passionate sentiment, investing the persons of Beaumarchais' brilliant but heartless drama with higher attributes than belong to them essentially.

As a piece charming—is delicious—ter of the be in some but who sh exhibitions our music the true word, and graceful Co Charabinos, of a Count chose to n striving to but so im in a single violent; the energetic a

Academy ed the Accu lately made height of th above the l the Pont do of the latte Channel. mètres 60 (or 355 feet) tively. M serve for th points of th system of d Council ha soil, above Tourneille, in the capit be affixed t nullity of t tudes woul on the tabl al Survey been occup the servatio late voyag They relat occur. — M marches on had found Laplace, f incomplete, instrument, the strengt hidied to t on from a Boussingau nation of th peared that produce ou off-cake 70 acres and a grammes of ground, and (the weight gorn. Atmospher of Sir F. Sir week been of their op consider th he establish increases wi 2. That the cuttings, en will be very railway to b the total co owing to th atmospheric lines. 3. Th this princip will be less that the sa more than



As a piece of acting, Miss Kemble's *Susanna* is charming,—arch and intelligent: her speaking voice is delicious. Perhaps, in harmony with the character of the music rather than of the drama, she may be in some scenes a trifle too lady-like and gentle: but who shall quarrel with this when the unpleasing exhibitions of romping farce, which have disfigured our musical stage, are remembered? There was the true spirit of genteel comedy in every tone, word, and gesture. Miss Rainforth is a stately and graceful Countess.—Madame Vestris the sauciest of *Cherubinos*, rakish enough to provoke the jealousy of a Count far more phlegmatic than Mr. Stretton chose to make him. This gentleman is obviously striving to improve his articulation, and will succeed; but so important a change is not to be effected in a single season. His *Alvarina* is something too violent; the part is one of demeanour rather than energetic action.

### MISCELLANEA

**Academy of Sciences, March 7.**—M. Arago informed the Academy of the result of some observations, lately made with great care for ascertaining the exact height of the summit of the lantern of the Pantheon above the lowest point, or zero, of the water scale at the Pont de la Tournelle, and also the exact height of the latter point above the level of the sea in the Channel. It appeared, that these heights were 117 metres 60 centimètres, and 25 metres 76 centimètres (or 385 feet 10 inches, and 84 feet 6 inches) respectively. M. Arago stated, the object of this was to serve for the settlement of the exact levels of all points of the capital, with a view to a more accurate system of drainage; and further, that the Municipal Council had decided on having the altitude of the soil, above the zero of the scale at the Pont de la Tournelle, marked at a very great number of points in the capital, and engraved on plates, which would be affixed to public buildings or houses of a certain solidity of construction, at the points where the altitudes would be taken.—M. Beautemps-Beaupré laid on the table the 5th Part of the Great Hydrographical Survey of the French Coast, on which he has been occupied several years.—Captain Berard presented the Academy with the general table of observations made on board the *Uranus*, during the late voyage to and from the Island of Bourbon. They related principally to the temperature of the ocean.—M. Chazailon communicated some researches on tides, and the level of the ocean. He had found that the analytical expression, used by Laplace, for calculating the height of the tide was incomplete.—M. Francœur read a paper on a new instrument, constructed by himself, for measuring the strength of distilled liquors.—A model was exhibited to the members by M. Sorel, for fixing zinc on iron by a new application of the voltaic pile.—M. Bousingault communicated the result of the cultivation of the *Madia Sativa*, at Bechelbronn. It appeared that the seed of this plant yielded the following produce out of 100 kilogrammes:—Oil 26½ kilos, cake 70 1-3 kilos, and refuse 3 5-12 kilos. Two acres and a half of this plant had yielded 289 kilogrammes of good oil in 1840; and, on the same ground, and at the same time, 14,631 kilos of carrots (the weight referring to the roots only) had been grown.

**Atmospheric Railway.**—The report on this subject of Sir F. Smith, R.E. and Prof. Barlow, has this week been presented to Parliament. The summary of their opinions are thus given:—"1. That we consider the principle of atmospheric propulsion to be established, and that the economy of working increases with the length and diameter of the tube. 2. That the expense of the formation of the line in cuttings, embankments, bridges, tunnels, and rails will be very little less than for equal lengths of a railway to be worked by locomotive engines, but that the total cost of the works will be much greater, owing to the expense of providing and laying the atmospheric tube, and erecting the stationary engines. 3. That the expense of working a line on this principle, on which trains are frequently passing, will be less than working by locomotive engines, and that the saving thus effected will, in some cases, more than compensate for the additional outlay;

but it will be the reverse on lines of unfrequent trains. However, there are many items of expense of which we have no knowledge and can form no opinion, such as the wear and tear of pistons, valves, &c.; on these further experience is needed. 4. That with proper means of disengaging the train from the piston in cases of emergency, we consider this principle as regards safety equal to that appertaining to rope machinery. There appear, however, some practical difficulties in regard to junctions, crossings, sidings, and stoppages at road stations which may make this system of less general application."

**The Gymnotus**, which has excited so much attention and interest during the last year or two, at the Adelaide Gallery, died on Monday last. It had for some days refused food, and appeared sluggish and swollen.

**Brick-making, &c.**—A discovery has been made by Mr. R. Prosser, of Birmingham, which bids fair to be attended with important results to the interests of architecture. The novelty of Mr. Prosser's process consists in the clay being dried, ground to powder, and submitted to pressure in metallic moulds, until the particles cohere together. As there is no water in combination with the clay, no drying process is necessary; consequently the articles made by this method are ready to be fired or burned as soon as they leave the machine. Owing to the great pressure required to cause the particles of clay to cohere together, the articles made by this press have greater density than those made in the ordinary way; they are also less porous, and not subject to decay in wet or frost. In addition to these advantages, any architectural device may be impressed upon the clay, which, when burnt, will retain all the sharpness of the original, however elaborately finished. By this process bricks may be made in all weathers, and with greater economy than by any other plan known at present. The brick-press is worked by hydraulic pumps, giving about 300 tons pressure, thus producing the adhesion and cohesion. The machine delivers the brick (four at a time in the present machine) ready at that instant for the kiln, requiring no exposure to the atmosphere to dry. The whole operation, from the time of putting the powdered clay into the machine to the delivery of the brick, occupies about half a minute. Machinery might readily be constructed to produce bricks fifty a minute.—*Daily papers.*

**Naples.**—According to the foreign journals, the following strange occurrence has recently taken place at Naples. A Mademoiselle Haliez, who was announced to sing on a certain night, was seized with a sudden hoarseness; and, in the morning of the appointed day gave notice to the director of the accident, which rendered it impossible for her to go through her part. The physician attached to the theatre was immediately dispatched to visit the invalid, officially; and his report announced, that the singer was free from fever, but had a very severe sore throat. Fever is the only case of disease recognized in terms, by the regulations of the Neapolitan theatres, as furnishing a ground of exemption from duty; and Mdlle. Haliez received a formal order to appear at the performance. She obeyed; but, as might have been expected, was scarcely able to finish her first air, which drew down a shower of hisses. The trembling actress had the spirit to advance to the lamps, and demand to be heard;—and with a faltering voice, she detailed to an audience whose sympathies she fully awakened, the circumstances under which she appeared before them. The invalid was rapturously applauded, and the performance adjourned at the indignant bidding of the audience. The sequel is difficult to be believed. Mdlle. Haliez, on retiring, was arrested by a commissary of police and a body of gendarmes, and dragged to a damp dungeon—where she passed the night—chained, says one of the journals, to the wall! It is satisfactory to know, that the accounts given of this shameful and unmanly outrage do not leave the matter there, or the actress unavenged. M. de Montebello, the French Ambassador, immediately complained to the government; and the director, physician, and commissary of police, are all said to have been dismissed.

**Erratum.**—P. 229, col. 1, 12th line from bottom, for "altar of a thousand rose trees," read "attar."

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